

THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

INCLUDING

POEMS AND VERSIONS OF POEMS NOW
PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

EDITED

WITH TEXTUAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

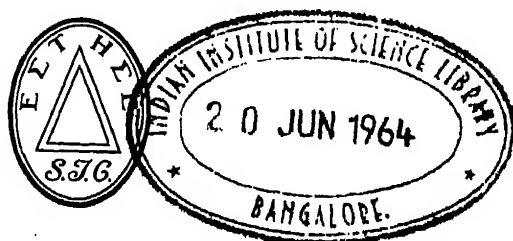
BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II: DRAMATIC WORKS AND APPENDICES



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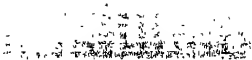
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DRAMATIC WORKS



THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE¹

AN HISTORIC DRAMA

[*First Act* by Coleridge: *Second and Third* by Southey—1794.]

TO

H. MARTIN, ESQ.

OF

JESUS COLLEGE

CAMBRIDGE

DEAR SIR,

Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man, whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and highly figurative language of the French orators, and to develop the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

JESUS COLLEGE, *September 22, 1794.*

¹ First published (as an octavo pamphlet) at Cambridge by Benjamin Flower in 1794: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. (1)–32. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877–80, iii. (1)–89. 'It will be remarked,' writes J. D. Campbell (*P. W.*, 1898, p. 646), 'that neither title-page nor dedication contains any hint of the joint authorship.' On this point Coleridge writes to Southey, September 19, 1794:—'The tragedy will be printed in less than a week. I shall put my name because it will sell at least a hundred copies in Cambridge. It would appear ridiculous to print two names to such a work. But if you choose it, mention it and it shall be done. To every man who *praises* it, of course I give the *true* biography of it.' *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 85.

ACT I

SCENE—*The Thuilleries.*

Barrere. The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
 A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
 But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's soul—
 Sudden in action, fertile in resource,
 And rising awful 'mid impending ruins; 5
 In splendor gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
 That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
 When last in secret conference we met,
 He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
 Making his eye the inmate of my bosom. 10
 I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
 Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble! [*Exit.*]

Enter TALLIEN and LEGENDRE.

Tallien. It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark him?
 Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
 And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning. 15

Legendre. I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;
 It menac'd not so proudly as of yore.
 Methought he would have spoke—but that he dar'd not—
 Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

Tallien. 'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
 Th' imprison'd secret struggling in the face: 21
 E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
 Hurries the thundercloud, that pois'd awhile
 Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

Legendre. Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask 25
 In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
 Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
 Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
 Each thought, each action in himself converges;
 And love and friendship on his coward heart 30
 Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice;
 To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
 Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

Tallien. Yet much depends upon him—well you know
 With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint 35
 Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
 With truth-mix'd falsehood. They led on by him,

And wild of head to work their own destruction,
Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.

Legendre. O what a precious name is Liberty 40
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!

Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
We'll shew enough to rouse his watchful fears,
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.

O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels— 45

Hover around me on sad Memory's wings,
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.

Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!

Tallien. Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—

Legendre. Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative, 51
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—

But see—hither he comes—let us away!

His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,

And high of haughty spirit, young St. Just. [Exeunt.

Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST. JUST, and

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

Robespierre. What? did La Fayette fall before my power?
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues? 57

The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?

And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?

Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them? 60

What! did th' assassin's dagger aim its point

Vain, as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom?

And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?

Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?

Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him, 65

Who ever on the harlots' downy pillow

Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!

St. Just. I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him:

Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,

Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony? 70

The state is not yet purified: and though

The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies

The thick black sediment of all the factions—

It needs no magic hand to stir it up!

Couthon. O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error! 75

Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?

And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?

I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
 To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
 Compar'd with which the sun-scorcht wilderness 80
 Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

St. Just. Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one
 Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
 Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
 Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar 85
 Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
 A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
 The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
 A tiger mad with inward wounds!—I dread
 The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt. 90

Robespierre. Is not the Commune ours? The stern tribunal?
 Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?
 And Henriot? We'll denounce an hundred, nor
 Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

Robespierre Junior. Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching
 heart 95
 Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
 That still have gloom'd the rise of the Republic.
 I should have died before Toulon, when war
 Became the patriot!

Robespierre. Most unworthy wish!
 He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors, 100
 Would be himself a traitor, were he not
 A coward! 'Tis congenial souls alone
 Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
 O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye
 Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle— 105
 Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
 Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!
 There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
 Shall see it cleans'd by wholesome massacre!

Robespierre Junior. Beware! already do the sections mur-
 mur— 110
 'O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
 The *tyrant guardian* of the country's *freedom*!'

Couthon. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!
 Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart
 Of cold Barrere!

Robespierre. I see the villain in him! 115
Robespierre Junior. If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

Robespierre. Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues!
The giant Victories my counsels form'd
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes, 120
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.

[*Exeunt cæteri. Manet COUTHON.*

Couthon (solus). So we deceive ourselves! What goodly
virtues

Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp. 125
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition's dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep—
That long th' awakened breast retains its horrors! 130
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere. [*Exit COUTHON.*

Enter ROBESPIERRE and BARRERE.

Robespierre. There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere! we *make* the danger, when we *fear* it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members. 135

Barrere. 'Twill be a pause of terror.—

Robespierre. But to whom?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors!
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!
A pause!—a *moment's* pause?—'Tis all *their life*. 140

Barrere. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—

Robespierre. That what?

Barrere. The freedom of debate—

Robespierre. Transparent mask!
They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine 145
To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots!
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings 150
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?

Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light 155
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages:
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That once imbibed, must be continued ever. 160
Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.

Barrere. Are the sections friendly?

Robespierre. There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make
them

Blush for the crime in blood!

Barrere. Nay—but I tell thee,
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right 165
(If right it be) workest by most foul means!

Robespierre. *Self-centering Fear!* how well thou canst ape
Mercy!

Too fond of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets 170
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'erwearied
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day? 175
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frightened child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!* 180

Barrere. O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!

Robespierre. Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the whetted dagger for his own. 185
Denounc'd twice—and twice I saved his life! [Exit.

Barrere. The sections will support them—there's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the house of ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE enters, speaking to a Servant.

Adelaide. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return? 192

Servant. He is in the Thuilleries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seem'd: as I approach'd
He waved his hand as bidding me retire: 195
I did not interrupt him. [*Returns the letter.*

Adelaide. Thou didst rightly. [*Exit Servant.*
O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
And every blandishment of private life,
The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment, 200
All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.
The winged hours, that scatter'd roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts 205
By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
If haply melodies may lull the sense
Of sorrow for a while. [*Soft music.*

Enter TALLIEN.

Tallien. Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul 210
Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG¹

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies, 215
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells
List'ning to the Sabbath bells! 220

¹ This Song was reprinted in Coleridge's *Poems* of 1796, and later under the title of *To Domestic Peace*, *vide ante*, pp. 71, 72.

Still around her steps are seen,
 Spotless honor's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,
 And conscious of the past employ, 225
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Tallien. I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful.
 But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
 Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream
 That sighs away the soul in fond despairing, 230
 While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
 Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

Adelaide. Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
 On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—
 Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil? 235

Tallien. Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
 Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
 It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
 Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
 Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre. 240
 He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

Adelaide. Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Com-
 mune—

The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
 Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
 The pale Convention—

Tallien. Hate him as they fear him, 245
 Impatient of the chain, resolv'd and ready.

Adelaide. Th' enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—

Tallien. They are aweary of his stern morality.
 The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
 The sections too support the delegates: 250
 All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
 Of Liberty, condens'd awhile, is bursting
 (Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
 To shatter the arch chemist in the explosion!

Enter BILLAUD VARENNES and BOURDON L'OISE.

[*ADELAIDE retires.*]

Bourdon l'Oise. Tallien! was this a time for amorous
 conference? 255

Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,

Marshals the force of Paris: The fierce Club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here? 260

Enter BARRERE abruptly.

Barrere. Say, are ye friends to freedom? *I am her's!*
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!
Billaud Varennes. Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory, 266
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood! 270

[Cry from the street of—No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!]

Tallien. Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Caesar,
This dagger probes his heart! *[Exeunt omnes.]*

ACT II

SCENE—*The Convention.*

Robespierre mounts the Tribune. Once more befits it that
the voice of Truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leaguered round
By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft 5
Has pierced thro' faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
Levelling to earth his blood-cemented throne,
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France 10
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
Long with the shew of freedom they abused
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase,
The high-fraught sentence and the lofty tone 15

Of declamation, thunder'd in this hall,
 Till reason midst a labyrinth of words
 Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.
 I durst oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,
 Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call— 20
 Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
 I urg'd the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
 From faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
 Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
 Hébert and Rousin, and the villain friends 25
 Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
 Mask'd treason's form in liberty's fair garb,
 Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
 Omnipotence! but I it seems am false!
 I am a traitor too! I—Robespierre! 30
 I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
 Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
 Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie
 My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band,
 Of what am I accus'd? of what strange crime 35
 Is Maximilian Robespierre accus'd,
 That through this hall the buz of discontent
 Should murmur? who shall speak?

Billaut Varennes.

O patriot tongue

Belying the foul heart! Who was it urg'd
 Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree, 40
 Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,
 Has chill'd each tongue to silence? Who destroyed
 The freedom of debate, and carried through
 The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,
 Unheard before their equals, to the bar 45
 Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reign'd
 With her Dumas coequal? Say—thou man
 Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

Couthon. That law was mine. I urged it—I propos'd—
 The voice of France assembled in her sons 50
 Assented, though the tame and timid voice
 Of traitors murmur'd. I advis'd that law—
 I justify it. It was wise and good.

Barrere. Oh, wonderous wise and most convenient too!
 I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now 55
 Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant! [*Loud applauses.*]

Robespierre.

It is well.

I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen
 When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,
 Regnault the instrument belike of those
 Who now themselves would fain assassinate, 60
 And legalise their murders. I stand here
 An isolated patriot—hemmed around
 By faction's noisy pack; beset and bay'd
 By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape
 From Justice' outstretch'd arm, but by the force 65
 That pierces through her breast.

[*Murmurs, and shouts of—Down with the Tyrant!*

Robespierre. Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time
 When Robespierre began, the loud applauses
 Of honest patriots drown'd the honest sound.
 But times are chang'd, and villainy prevails. 70

Collet d'Herbois. No—villainy shall fall. France could not
 brook

A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
 More soothing to her ear?

Bourdon l'Oise. Rattle her chains
 More musically now than when the hand
 Of Brissot forged her fetters; or the crew 75
 Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,
 And Danton talk'd of virtue?

Robespierre. Oh, that Brissot
 Were here again to thunder in this hall,
 That Hébert lived, and Danton's giant form
 Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul 80
 Might cope with worthy foes.

People of France,
 Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law
 Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:
 The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
 Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds, 85
 Cautious from past defects, contrives new wiles
 Against the sons of Freedom.

Tallien. Freedom lives!
 Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
 Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
 Amid the hall of Jacobins to save 90
 Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
 D'Eglantine?

Robespierre. I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forefend that Vengeance e'er should strike,
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

Barrere. Traitor, thou didst.

Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs, 95
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man, 100
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty! 105

Robespierre Junior. Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.

Robespierre. Brother, by my soul,
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path 110
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.

Barrere. Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. O, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscib'd,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd 115
Each patriot representative of France?

Bourdon l'Oise. Was not the younger Caesar too to reign
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

Robespierre Junior. His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me
patience, heaven! 120
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Wav'd high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? fought I merchant-like, 125
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smil'd
Amid the bloody banquet? when appall'd
The hireling sons of England spread the sail 130

Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?

Oh, patience! patience!

Bourdon l'Oise. How this younger tyrant
Mouths out defiance to us! even so
He had led on the armies of the south,
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd 135
With her best blood.

Collot d'Herbois. Till once again display'd
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
Had bathed in human blood.

Dubois Crancé. No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall 140
Beneath the axe of death! when Caesar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,
As it had been some province won in fight, 145
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St. Just, be yours the army of the north;
Meantime I rule at Paris.

Robespierre. Matchless knave!
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek— 150
Not one poor blush of truth! most likely tale!
That I who ruined Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discover'd Hébert's impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded, 155
Think ye I had destroyed the very men
Whose plots resembled mine? bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forg'd the shameless falsehood?

Collot d'Herbois. Ask you proofs? 160
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?

Legendre. What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?

Robespierre. I remember well 165
The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I kill'd Caesar and spar'd Antony.

But I have been too lenient. I have spared
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current. [Loud applause.

Triumph not too soon, 170
Justice may yet be victor.

Enter St. Just, and mounts the Tribune.

St. Just. I come from the Committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St. Just 175
What his own heart shall dictate.

Tallien. Hear ye this,
Insulted delegates of France? St. Just
From your Committee comes—comes charg'd to speak
Of matters of high import, yet omits
Their orders! Representatives of France, 180
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
The nation's orders.—I denounce St. Just. [Loud applause.

St. Just. Hear me! [Violent murmurs.

Robespierre. He shall be heard!

Bourdon l'Oise. Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?

Collot d'Herbois. Drag him away! 185
Hence with him to the bar.

Couthon. Oh, just proceedings!
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—
And St. Just must be silent!

Legendre. Heed we well 190
That justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St. Just be heard.

Freron. Inviolable be the sacred right of man.
The freedom of debate. [Violent applause.

St. Just. I may be heard then! much the times are
chang'd, 195

When St. Just thanks this hall for hearing him,
Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent
Was Aristides driven into exile,
Was Phocion murder'd. Ere ye dare pronounce 200

Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,
 Consider who accuse him. Tallien,
 Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,
 For that their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan
 Of government. Legendre the sworn friend 205
 Of Danton, fall'n apostate. Dubois Crancé,
 He who at Lyons spared the royalists—
 Collot d'Herbois—

Bourdon l'Oise. What—shall the traitor rear
 His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme
 Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction— 210

St. Just. I am of no one faction. I contend
 Against all factions.

Tallien. I espouse the cause
 Of truth. Robespierre on yester morn pronounced
 Upon his own authority a report.
 To-day St. Just comes down. St. Just neglects 215
 What the Committee orders, and harangues
 From his own will. O citizens of France
 I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—
 I tremble for the cause of Liberty,
 When individuals shall assume the sway, 220
 And with more insolence than kingly pride
 Rule the Republic.

Billaut Varennes. Shudder, ye representatives of France,
 Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
 The marshal'd force of Paris. Henriot, 225
 Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,
 Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.
 Who spar'd La Valette? who promoted him,
 Stain'd with the deep dye of nobility?
 Who to an ex-peer gave the high command? 230
 Who screen'd from justice the rapacious thief?
 Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
 Robespierre, the self-stil'd patriot Robespierre—
 Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
 Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre. 235

Bourdon l'Oise. He talks of virtue—of morality—
 Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!
 Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,
 Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre
 Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant! 240
 I stile thee tyrant, Robespierre! [*Loud applauses.*]

Robespierre. Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—

[*Violent clamour. Cries of—Down with the Tyrant!*

Tallien. Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd—

Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—

He hears assembled France denounce his crimes! 245

He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—

He trembles on the precipice of fate.

Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage

How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd

Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand 250

Mark'd down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,

Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,

And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!

Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd

His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin— 255

And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem

Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,

Lest France awak'd should rouse her from her dream,

And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Caesar,

With rapid step urged on his bold career, 260

Even to the summit of ambitious power,

And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting.

Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?

Is it for this we wage eternal war

Against the tyrant horde of murderers, 265

The crown'd cockatrices whose foul venom

Infects all Europe? was it then for this

We swore to guard our liberty with life,

That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom

Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame 270

That animates each honest Frenchman's heart

Not yet extinguish'd. I invoke thy shade,

Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;

And if the representatives of France,

Through fear or favour, should delay the sword 275

Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;

Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;

Tallien shall save his country. [*Violent applauses.*

Billaut Varennes.

I demand

The arrest of all the traitors. Memorable

Will be this day for France.

Robespierre.

Yes! Memorable

280

This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

Lebas. I will not share in this day's damning guilt.
 Condemn me too. [*Great cry—Down with the Tyrants!*
(The two ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST. JUST, and LEBAS
are led off.)

ACT III

SCENE CONTINUES.

Collet d'Herbois. Caesar is fall'n! The baneful tree of Java,
 Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,
 Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
 The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
 Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
 We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues,
 Has heard his doom.

Billaut Varennes. Yet must we not suppose
 The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
 Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot,
 Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

Freron. I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Dubois Crancé. Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head
 Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

Collet d'Herbois. Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
 To save their country—never yet has Paris
 Forsook the representatives of France.

Tallien. It is the hour of danger. I propose
 This sitting be made permanent. [*Loud applause.*

Collet d'Herbois. The National Convention shall remain
 Firm at its post.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They
 espouse

The tyrant's cause. St. Just is up in arms!
 St. Just—the young ambitious bold St. Just
 Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
 Thirsts for your blood. [*Tocsin rings.*

Tallien. These tyrants are in arms against the law:
 Outlaw the rebels.

Enter MERLIN OF DOUAY.

Merlin. Health to the representatives of France!
I past this moment through the arméd force—
They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate, 30
Swore I was not the friend of France.

Collet d'Herbois. The tyrants threaten us as when they
turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Messenger. Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the Club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre. 35

Enter another Messenger.

Third Messenger. All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot
leads
The soldiers to his aid.—Already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.

Tallien. Why, we will die like men then,
The representatives of France dare death, 40
When duty steels their bosoms. [*Loud applauses.*]

Tallien (addressing the galleries). Citizens!
France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the Republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An arméd force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears 45
To die, or save the country!

[*Violent applauses from the galleries.*]

Citizen (from above). We too swear
To die, or save the country. Follow me.
[*All the men quit the galleries.*]

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Messenger. Henriot is taken! [*Loud applauses.*]
Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd 50
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seiz'd him. [*Applauses.*]

Billaud Varennes. Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

Enter BOURDON L'OISE, sword in hand.

Bourdon l'Oise. I have clear'd the Commune. [*Applauses.*

Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade 55
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power. 60
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
'Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!' [*Applauses.*

(Shouts from without—Down with the Tyrant!)

Tallien. I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons attached 65
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke 70
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free! [*Applauses.*

Enter LEGENDRE—a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.

Legendre (flinging down the keys). So—let the mutinous
Jacobins meet now 76
In the open air. [*Loud applauses.*

A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controull'd the Club, 80
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd full 85
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but stay'd my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood. [*Applauses.*

Freron. They took from me my ticket of admission—
 Expell'd me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth, 90
 Humbled and trembling re-insert my name.
 But Freron enters not the Club again
 'Till it be purged of guilt:—'till, purified
 Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
 May breathe the air in safety. [*Shouts from without.*]

Barrere. What means this uproar! if the tyrant band 96
 Should gain the people once again to rise—
 We are as dead!

Tallien. And wherefore fear we death?
 Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
 Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword, 100
 And died triumphant? Caesar should fear death,
 Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

(*Shouts from without—Live the Convention!—Down with
 the Tyrants!*)

Tallien. Hark! again
 The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter Deputies from the Sections.

Citizen. Citizens! representatives of France!
 Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris 105
 Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
 They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

Tallien. Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my
 brethren?
 And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
 My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen 110
 The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;
 I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
 Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will,
 I have lived long enough. [*Shouts without.*]

Barrere. Hark! how the noise increases! through the
 gloom 115
 Of the still evening—harbinger of death,
 Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale
 Thunders through Paris—

[*Cry without—Down with the Tyrant!*]

Enter LECOINTRE.

Lecointre. So may eternal justice blast the foes
 Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood, 120

As Robespierre has perish'd! Citizens,
 Caesar is taken. [*Loud and repeated applauses.*
 I marvel not that with such fearless front
 He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
 Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied 125
 On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
 And Henriot's *boughten* succours. Ye have heard
 How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
 The Commune welcom'd in the rebel tyrant—
 How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier 130
 Stirr'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
 The representatives of France had perish'd—
 Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
 Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit
 Inspir'd the men of Paris. Henriot call'd 135
 'To arms' in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
 Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
 Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
 They reach'd the Hôtel. We gather'd round—we call'd
 For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair, 140
 With knives they hack'd around them. 'Till foreboding
 The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
 Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
 Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
 Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window 145
 Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractur'd limb
 Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator
 Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,
 Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
 By his own tremulous hand! All gash'd and gored 150
 He lives to taste the bitterness of death.
 Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
 The fierce St. Just, even now attend their tyrant
 To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches
 Flash on their visages a dreadful light— 155
 I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown
 Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
 Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
 Fearless of fate! [*Loud and repeated applauses.*

Barrere mounts the Tribune. For ever hallowed be this
 glorious day, 160
 When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
 Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant

Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne, by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart 165
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets, 170
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason; and oppression, giant form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative 175
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has faction reared
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland, 180
The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Petion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue
Of some soft Syren wooed us to destruction.
We triumphed over these. On the same scaffold 185
Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hébert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God, 190
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumphed—triumph'd long,
Secur'd by matchless villainy—by turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil 195
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumber'd in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence, 200
His cool ferocity that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy!—never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade 205

Than savages have known; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunder-bolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

210

FINIS

OSORIO

A TRAGEDY ¹

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

[Not in MSS.]

Osorio, 1797.

Remorse.

YELEZ	= MARQUIS VALDEZ, Father to the two brothers, and Doña Teresa's Guardian.
ALBERT	= DON ALVAR, the eldest son.
OSORIO	= DON ORDONIO, the youngest son.
FRANCESCO	= MONVIEDRO, a Dominican and Inquisitor.
MAURICE	= ZULIMEZ, the faithful attendant on Alvar.
FERDINAND	= ISIDORE, a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.
NAOMI	= NAOMI.
MARIA	= DOÑA TERESA, an Orphan Heiress.
ALHADRA, wife of FERDINAND,	} = ALHADRA, Wife of Isidore.

FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.

MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.

¹ First published in 1878 by Mr. John Pearson (under the editorship of R. H. Shepherd): included in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80, and in *P. W.* 1898.

Four MSS. are (or were) extant, (1) the transcript of the play as sent to Sheridan in 1797 (*MS. I*); (2) a contemporary transcript sent by Coleridge to a friend (*MS. II*); (3) a third transcript (the handwriting of a 'legal character') sold at Christie's, March 8, 1895 (*MS. III*); (4) a copy of Act I in Coleridge's handwriting, which formerly belonged to Thomas Poole, and is now in the British Museum (*MS. P.*). The text of the present issue follows *MS. I*. The variants are derived from *MSS. I, II* as noted by J. Dykes Campbell in *P. W.* 1898, from a *MS.* collation (by J. D. Campbell) of *MS. III*, now published for the first time, and from a fresh collation of *MS. P.*

Osorio was begun at Stowey in March, 1797. Two and a half Acts were written before June, four and a half Acts before September 18, 1797. A transcript of the play (*MS. I*) was sent to Drury Lane in October, and rejected, on the score of the 'obscurity of the last three acts', on or about December 1, 1797. See 'Art.' Coleridge, *Osorio and Remorse*, by J. D. Campbell, *Athenaeum*, April 8, 1890.

Osorio A Tragedy—[Title] *Osorio*, a Dramatic Poem *MS. II*: *Osorio*, The Sketch of a Tragedy *MS. III*.

Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

In the reign of Philip II shortly after the civil war against the Moors, and during the heat of the Persecution which raged against them. Maria an orphan of fortune had been espoused to Albert the eldest son of Lord Velez, but he having been supposed dead, is now addressed by Osorio the brother of Albert.

In the character of Osorio I wished to represent a man, who, from his childhood had mistaken constitutional abstinence from vices, for strength of character—thro' his pride duped into guilt, and then endeavouring to shield himself from the reproaches of his own mind by misanthropy.

Don Garcia (supposed dead) and Valdez father of Don Ordoño, and Guardian of Teresa di Monviedro. Don Garcia eldest son of the Marquis di Valdez, supposed dead, having been six years absent, and for the last three without any tidings of him.

Teresa Señora [*sic*] di Monviedro, an orphan lady, bequeathed by both Parents on their death-bed to the wardship of the Marquis, and betrothed to Don Garcia—Gulinaez a Moorish Chieftain and ostensibly a new Christian—Alhadra his wife. *MS. III.*

For the Preface of *MS. I*, vide Appendices of this edition.

ACT THE FIRST¹

SCENE—*The sea shore on the coast of Granada.*

VELEZ, MARIA.

Maria. I hold Osorio dear: he is your son,
And Albert's brother.

Velez. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

Maria. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Velez!
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain 5
Faithful to Albert, be he dead or living.

Velez. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves;
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul 10
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me:

¹ For Act I, Scene 1 (ll. 1-118) of *Remorse*, vide *post*, pp. 820-3.

Before 1 ACT THE FIRST (The Portrait and the Picture). *Corr. in MS. III.*
Scene—*The sea shore, &c.*] Scene.—The Sea shore on the coast of Granada,
in the Seigniorship of the Marquis Valdez. *Valdes Teresa corr. in MS. III.*
[For *Velez, Maria, Osorio, Albert, Francesco*, read *Valdes, Teresa, Ordoño, Alvar, Isidors* throughout, *Remorse*.] *Before 1, SCENE II. Enter Teresa and Valdez.*
Remorse. Osorio] Ordoño *corr. in MS. II.* a Albert's] Garcia's *corr. in MS. III.*

I held thee in mine arms, a powerless babe,
 While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
 Fix'd her faint eyes on mine: ah, not for this,
 That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom, 15
 And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
 The victim of a useless constancy.
 I must not see thee wretched.

Maria.

There are woes

Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy!
 If it be wretched with an untired eye 20
 To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
 Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
 My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,
 To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
 All past hours of delight; if it be wretched 25
 To watch some bark, and fancy Albert there;
 To go through each minutest circumstance
 Of the bless'd meeting, and to frame adventures
 Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them:
 (As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid, 30
 Who dress'd her in her buried lover's cloaths,
 And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
 Hung with her lute, and play'd the selfsame tune
 He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
 Herself had made); if this be wretchedness, 35
 And if indeed it be a wretched thing
 To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
 That I had died—died, just ere his return;
 Then see him listening to my constancy;
 And hover round, as he at midnight ever 40
 Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
 Or haply in some more fantastic mood
 To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
 Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
 And there to wait his coming! O my sire! 45
 My Albert's sire! if this be wretchedness
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 If in a most assur'd reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant
 Smile at him from *my* arms? [Clasping her forehead.

12 mine] my *Remorse*, 1813. 29 him] him *Remorse*. 40 Or hover
 round, as he at midnight oft *Remorse*. 50 my] my *Remorse*. Stago-
 direction om. *Remorse*.

O what a thought! 50

'Twas horrible! it pass'd my brain like lightning.

Veles. 'Twere horrible, if but one doubt remain'd
The very week he promised his return.

Maria. Ah, what a busy joy was ours—to see him
After his three years' travels! tho' that absence 55
His still-expected, never-failing letters
Almost endear'd to me! Even then what tumult!

Veles. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant dreams— 60
Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest.

Maria (with great tenderness). My father!

Veles. Aye, 'twas the morning thou didst try to cheer me
With a fond gaiety. My heart was bursting,
And yet I could not tell me, how my sleep
Was throng'd with swarthy faces, and I saw 65
The merchant-ship in which my son was captured—
Well, well, enough—captured in sight of land—
We might almost have seen it from our house-top!

51-2 Erased MS. III.

52-3

Valdez. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.

The very week he promised his return— *Remorse.*

an empty thought

That boasts no neighbourhood with Hope or Reason *Corr. in MS. III.*

54-7 *Ter.* Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then, if now—

Marginal correction in MS. III, Remorse.

60 dreams] fancies *Remorse.*

61 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

62-8 Erased MS. III.

62-73

Vald. The sober truth is all too much for me!

I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark, in which my son was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

Ter. Oh no! he did not!

Vald. Captured in sight of land!
From yon Hill-point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen—

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Vald. Alas! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes.

Marginal correction in MS. III, Remorse.

Maria (abruptly). He did not perish there!

Veles (impatiently). Nay, nay—how aptly thou forgett'st a tale 70

Thou ne'er didst wish to learn—my brave Osorio
Saw them both founder in the storm that parted
Him and the pirate: both the vessels founder'd.
Gallant Osorio!

[*Pauses, then tenderly.*]

O belov'd Maria,

Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Albert 75
And most delight his spirit, go and make
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave with joy!

Maria.

For mercy's sake

Press me no more. I have no power to love him!
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow 80
Chill me, like dew-damps of the unwholesome night.
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

Veles.

You wrong him, maiden.

You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases 85
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well—
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger 90
He roamed the coast of Afric for your Albert.
It was not well—you have moved me even to tears.

Maria. O pardon me, my father! pardon me.

It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried 95
Beyond myself, if I but dream of one
Who aims to rival Albert. Were we not
Born on one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is an heavy thing; 100
Yet still the hope survives——

Veles (looking forwards).

Hush—hush! Maria.

74 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 76 And most delight his spirit, go,
make thou *Remorse.* 78 with] in *Remorse.* 93 my father] Lord
Valdez *Remorse.* 96 dream] hear *Remorse.*

101-5 *Erased MS. III.*

Paul. (looking forward). Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

Maria. It is Francesco, our Inquisitor ;
That busy man, gross, ignorant, and cruel !

Enter FRANCESCO and ALHADRA.

Francesco (to Velez). Where is your son, my lord ? Oh !
here he comes.

Enter OSORIO.

My Lord Osorio ! this Moresco woman 105
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Osorio. Hail, reverend father ! What may be the business ?

Francesco. O the old business—a Mohammedan !
The officers are in her husband's house,
And would have taken him, but that he mention'd 110
Your name, asserting that you were his friend,

Ter. The Inquisitor—on what new scent of blood ?

Enter Monviedro with Alhadra.

Mon. Peace and the truth be with you ! Good my Lord.
My present need is with your son.
We have hit the time. Here comes he ! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side Don Ordonio

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman *MS. III, Remorse.*

108 *Erased MS. III.* 109 The] Our *MS. III.*

108-31 *Mon.* My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Tho' lesson'd by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that—

Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services. [*then to Alhadra*
I would that I could serve you ; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

Mon. My mind foretold me
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel !
The warranter of a Moresco's faith ! *Remorse.*

Aye, and would warrant him a Catholic.
 But I know well these children of perdition,
 And all their idle fals[e]hoods to gain time ;
 So should have made the officers proceed, 115
 But that this woman with most passionate outeries,
 (Kneeling and holding forth her infants to me)
 So work'd upon me, who (you know, my lord !)
 Have human frailties, and am tender-hearted,
 That I came with her.

Osorio. You are merciful. [*Looking at ALHADRA.*
 I would that I could serve you ; but in truth 121
 Your face is new to me.

[*ALHADRA is about to speak, but is interrupted by*
Francesco. Aye, aye—I thought so ;
 And so I said to one of the familiars.
 A likely story, said I, that Osorio,
 The gallant nobleman, who fought so bravely 125
 Some four years past against these rebel Moors ;
 Working so hard from out the garden of faith
 To eradicate these weeds detestable ;
 That he should countenance this vile Moresco,
 Nay, be his friend—and warrant him, forsooth ! 130
 Well, well, my lord ! it is a warning to me ;
 Now I return.

Alhadra. My lord, my husband's name
 Is Ferdinand : you may remember it.
 Three years ago—three years this very week--
 You left him at Almeria.

Francesco (triumphantly). Palpably false ! 135
 This very week, three years ago, my lord !
 (You needs must recollect it by your wound)
 You were at sea, and fought the Moorish fiends
 Who took and murder'd your poor brother Albert.

[*MARIA looks at FRANCESCO with disgust and horror.*

*OSORIO's appearance to be collected from the
 speech that follows.*

114 Have learnt by heart their falsehoods to gain time. *Corr. in MS. III.*
 118-20 who (you know, &c., . . . with her *Erased MS. III.* The stage-
 direction (*Alhadra here advances towards Ordonio*) is inserted at the end of
 Francesco's speech. 127-8 *om. MS. III.* 133 Is Isidore. (*Ordonio starts*)
Remorse. 135 Stage-direction (*triumphantly om. Remorse.*

138-9 You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
 The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar! *Remorse.*

139 The stage-direction *Maria looks, &c., om. Remorse.*

Francesco (to Velez and pointing to Osorio). What? is he ill, my lord? How strange he looks! 140

Velez (angrily). You started on him too abruptly, father! The fate of one, on whom you know he doted.

Osorio (starting as in a sudden agitation). O heavens! I doted! [*Then, as if recovering himself.*

Yes! I DOTED on him!

[*OSORIO walks to the end of the stage. VELEZ follows soothing him.*

Maria (her eye following them). I do not, cannot love him. Is my heart hard?

Is my heart hard? that even now the thought 145 Should force itself upon me—yet I feel it!

Francesco. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead! I will return—in very truth I grieve

To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

Alhadra (to Maria). O gentle lady, make the father stay Till that my lord recover. I am sure 151

That he will say he is my husband's friend.

Maria. Stay, father, stay—my lord will soon recover.

[*OSORIO and VELEZ returning.*

Osorio (to Velez as they return). Strange! that this Francesco Should have the power so to distemper me. 155

Velez. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

Francesco (to Osorio). My lord, I truly grieve——

Osorio. Tut! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.

As to this woman's husband, I do know him:

I know him well, and that he is a Christian. 160

Francesco. I hope, my lord, your sensibility Doth not prevail.

Osorio. Nay, nay—you know me better.

You hear what I have said. But 'tis a trifle.

I had something here of more importance.

[*Touching his forehead as if in the act of recollection.*

140 *Francesco* (. . . *Osorio*) *om. Remorse.* 141 *Val.* You pressed upon him too abruptly *father Remorse.* 143 *Ord.* O heavens! I?—I doted?—*Remorse.* Stage-directions (*starting, &c.*), (*Then, as, &c.*) *om. Remorse.*

Before 144 stage-direction ends at '*follows*' *Remorse.* 144 Stage-direction (*her eye, &c.*) *om. Remorse.* 151 Till that] Until *Remorse.* Stage-

direction before 154 *om. Remorse.* 154 *Ordonio (as they return to Valdez).* *Remorse.* 157 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 159 *do*] *do Remorse.* 161

I hope, my lord, your merely human pity *MS. III, Remorse.* 162-72 Nay, nay . . . Ferdinand *om. Remorse.*

Hah !

The Count Mondejar, our great general, 165
Writes, that the bishop we were talking of
Has sicken'd dangerously.

Francesco. Even so.

Osorio. I must return my answer.

Francesco. When, my lord ?

Osorio. To-morrow morning, and shall not forget
How bright and strong your zeal for the Catholic faith. 170

Francesco. You are too kind, my lord ! You overwhelm me.

Osorio. Nay, say not so. As for this Ferdinand,
'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic.
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I cannot say, but grant me this, good father ! 175
I'll go and sift him : if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

Francesco. My lord you have it.

Osorio (to Alhadra). I will attend you home within an hour.
Meantime return with us, and take refreshment. 180

Alhadra. Not till my husband's free, I may not do it.
I will stay here.

Maria (aside). Who is this Ferdinand ?

Velez. Daughter !

Maria. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter a few minutes, and then join you.

[*Exeunt VELEZ, FRANCESCO, and OSORIO.*]

Alhadra. Hah ! there he goes. A bitter curse go with him.
A scathing curse !

[*ALHADRA had been betrayed by the warmth of her
feelings into an imprudence. She checks herself,
yet recollecting MARIA's manner towards FRAN-
CESCO, says in a shy and distrustful manner
You hate him, don't you, lady !* 186

173 *was* was *Remorse.* 176 Myself I'll sift him *Remorse.* 178
[*Francesco's speech 'My lord you have it' is thus expanded*] :—

Monviedro. Your zeal, my lord,

And your late merits in this holy warfare

Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it. *Remorse.*

179 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

180 *Attributed to Valdes in Remorse.* 184 I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy
the sea breeze. *Remorse.* 186 The stage-direction, *Alhadra had been, &c.,*
was interpolated by S. T. C. in MS. III, and 'distrustful' is written 'mis-
trustful'. It is omitted in *Remorse.*

Maria. Nay, fear me not! my heart is sad for you.

Alhadra. These fell Inquisitors, these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so madden'd me
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger 190
And half unsheathed it.

Maria. Be more calm, I pray you.

Alhadra. And as he stalk'd along the narrow path
Close on the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager.
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his foul officers held my babes and husband. 195
To have leapt upon him with a Tyger's plunge
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,
O—it had been most sweet!

Maria. Hush, hush! for shame.
Where is your woman's heart?

Alhadra. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs, 200
Many and strange. Besides I am a Christian,
And they do never pardon, 'tis their faith!

Maria. Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!

Alhadra. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me!
Five years ago, and he was the prime agent. 205
Five years ago the Holy Brethren seized me.

Maria. What might your crime be?

Alhadra. Solely my complexion.
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house.
There was no bed, no fire, no ray of light, 210
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,

187 The line was originally written:—

Nay, nay, not hate him. I try not to do it;
and in this form it stands in the *Poole MS.* *MSS. II, III* have the line as
amended, but have also this stage-direction '(perceiving that *Alhadra* is
conscious she has spoken imprudently)'; and *MS. II* has the word *me* under-
lined.

Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you *Remorse.*

188 In *Poole MS.* this line was originally—

These wolfish Priests! these lappers-up of Blood.

192 stalk'd] walk'd *Remorse.* 193 on] by *Remorse.*

195 Interpolated by S. T. O.

That his vile Slaves, his pitiless officers

Held in their custody my babes and husband. *MS. III.*

195 foul officers] familiars *Remorse.* 197 ragged] rugged *Remorse.*

201 '(ironically)' only in *MS. II.* 202 And they do] And Christians
Remorse. 207 Solely my complexion] I was a Moresco *Remorse.* 210
There] Where *Remorse.*

It was a toil to breathe it! I have seen
 The gaoler's lamp, the moment that he enter'd,
 How the flame sunk at once down to the socket.
 O miserable, by that lamp to see 215
 My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
 Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
 My rage had dry'd away its natural food!
 In darkness I remain'd, counting the clocks'¹
 Which haply told me that the blessed sun 220
 Was rising on my garden. When I dozed,
 My infant's moanings mingled with my dreams
 And wak'd me. If you were a mother, Lady,
 I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
 And peevish cries so fretted on my brain 225
 That I have struck the innocent babe in anger!

Maria. O God! it is too horrible to hear!

Alhadra. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
 That such as you should hear it. Know you not
 What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal? 230
 Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
 And whirlwinds fittest scatter pestilence.

Maria. You were at length deliver'd?

Alhadra. Yes, at length
 I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven.
 'Twas the first time my infant smiled! No more. 235
 For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,
 A fit comes on, which makes me o'er again
 All I then was, my knees hang loose and drag,
 And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh
 That you would start and shudder!

Maria. But your husband? 240

Alhadra. A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady!

Maria. Alas, poor man!

Alhadra. He hath a lion's courage,

¹ With lines 219-21 compare *Fragments from a Notebook*, No. 17, p. 990.

212-14 It was a toil to breathe it! When the door,
 Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
 One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
 Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down *Remorse*.

219 the dull bell counting *Remorse*. 220 blessed] all-cheering *Remorse*.
 221 my] our *Remorse*. 222 dreams] slumbers *Remorse*. 227 God]
 Heaven *Remorse*. 233 deliver'd] released *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse*.
 237 fit] trance *Remorse*.

But is not stern enough for fortitude.
 Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
 He worships Nature in the hill and valley, 245
 Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all!

[Enter ALBERT disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.

Albert (not observing Maria and Alhadra). Three weeks have
 I been loitering here, nor ever
 Have summon'd up my heart to ask one question,
 Or stop one peasant passing on this way.

Maria. Know you that man?

Alhadra. His person, not his name. 250
 I doubt not, he is some Moresco chieftain
 Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.
 A week has scarcely pass'd since first I saw him;
 He has new-roof'd the desolate old cottage
 Where Zagri lived—who dared avow the prophet 255
 And died like one of the faithful! There he lives,
 And a friend with him.

Maria. Does he know his danger
 So near this seat?

Alhadra. He wears the Moorish robes too,

243 Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*
 247-9 *MS. III erased: om. Remorse.*

Between 249-50

Teresa. (starting). This sure must be the man (to ALHADRA)
 Know you that man?
Corr. in MS. III.

Between 250 and 263:

Ter. Know you that stately Moor?
 Alhad. I know him not:

But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
 Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.

Ter. The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,
 So near this seat?

Alhad. He wears the Moorish robes too,
 As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.

Alhad. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
 Monviedro, of known hatred to our race— *Remorse.*
 254-7 His ends, his motives, why he shrinks from notice
 And spurns all commune with the Moorish chieftain,
 Baffles conjecture— *Corr. in MS. III.*

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As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALBERT, who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks. MARIA drops her veil.

Alhadra. Gallant Moresco! you are near the castle 260
Of the Lord Velez, and hard by does dwell
A priest, the creature of the Inquisition.

Albert (retiring). You have mistaken me—I am a Christian.

Alhadra (to Maria). He deems that we are plotting to ensnare him.

Speak to him, lady! none can hear you speak 265
And not believe you innocent of guile.

[ALBERT, on hearing this, pauses and turns round.

Maria. If aught enforce you to concealment, sir!

Alhadra. He trembles strangely.

[ALBERT sinks down and hides his face in his garment [robe Remorse].

Maria.

See—we have disturb'd him.

[Approaches nearer to him.

I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing. 270
I pray you, think us friends!

Albert (raising his head). Calm—very calm;
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice.

That voice! that innocent voice! She is no traitress!

It was a dream, a phantom of my sleep, 275
A lying dream.

[He starts up, and abruptly addresses her.

Maria! you are not wedded?

Maria (haughtily to Alhadra). Let us retire.

[They advance to the front of the stage.

Alhadra.

He is indeed a Christian.

Before stage-direction affixed to 259.

Teresa. Ask of him whence he came? if he bear tidings

Of any Christian Captive—if he knows—*Corr. in MS. III.*

259 Philip the Second had forbidden under pain of death the Moorish Robes
MS. II: Philip (sic) the Second had prohibited under pain of death all the Moorish
customs and garments MS. III. 262 the creature] a brother *Corr. in MS.*

III. 263 Albert (retiring)] advancing as if to pass them *Corr. in MS. III.*

Stage-direction om. Remorse. 264 Stage-direction om. Remorse. 266

Stage-direction om. Remorse. 275-6 om. Remorse. 277 Stage-direction

They advance . . . followed by Alvar *Corr. in MS. III: om. Remorse.* 277 Alhadra

(with bitter scorn). *Corr. in MS. III.*

Some stray Sir Knight, that falls in love of a sudden.

Maria. What can this mean? How should he know my name?

It seems all shadowy.

Alhadra. Here he comes again. 280

Albert (aside). She deems me dead, and yet no mourning garment!

Why should my brother's wife wear mourning garments?
God of all mercy, make me, make me quiet! [*To MARIA.*
Your pardon, gentle maid! that I disturb'd you.

I had just started from a frightful dream. 285

Alhadra. These renegado Moors—how soon they learn
The crimes and follies of their Christian tyrants!

Albert. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I lean'd
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me, 290
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her!
This maid so idoliz'd, that trusted friend,
Polluted in my absence soul and body!
And she with him and he with her conspired

278-80 *om. Remorse.*

Prefixed to 279. *Alhadra* walks away to the back of the stage, to the part where *Alvar* had first placed himself, stoops in the act of taking up a small Picture, looks at it and in dumb show appears as talking to herself. *Corr. in MS. III.*

279-80 *Maria.* This cannot be the Moor the Peasant spoke of
Nor face, nor stature squares with his description.

Alhadra. A painted tablet which he held and por'd on
Caught my eye strangely, and as I disturb'd him

He hid it hastily within his sash,
Yet when he started up (if my sight err'd not)
It slipt unnotic'd by him on the Sand. *Corr. in MS. III.*

281 She deems me dead yet wears no mourning garments *Remorse.* 283
om. Remorse. 284 gentle maid] noble dame *Remorse.* 286-7 *om. Remorse.*
Between 285 and 288

Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said
They prophesy—

Alv. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit,
The ever frowning [guilty *MS. III*] Present is its image.

Ter. Traitor! [guilty *MS. III*] (*then aside*)
What sudden spell o'er-masters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman.

Corr. in MS. III: Remorse.

293 Polluted] Dishonour'd *MS. III, Remorse.* [In *MS. III* S. T. C. substituted 'Polluted' for 'Dishonoured.']

294-5 Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life *Remorse.*

To have me murder'd in a wood of the mountains : 295
 But by my looks and most impassion'd words
 I roused the virtues, that are dead in no man,
 Even in the assassins' hearts. They made their terms,
 And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

Alhadra (to Maria). You are lost in thought. Hear him
 no more, sweet lady! 300

Maria. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
 And slight things bring on me the idle mood.
 Well, sir, what happen'd then ?

Albert. On a rude rock,
 A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs
 Whose thready leaves to the low breathing gale 305
 Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
 I stay'd as tho' the hour of death were past,
 And I were sitting in the world of spirits,
 For all things seem'd unreal! There I sate.
 The dews fell clammy, and the night descended, 310
 Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
 A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear
 That woods and sky and mountains seem'd one havock!
 The second flash of lightning show'd a tree
 Hard by me, newly-scathed. I rose tumultuous: 315
 My soul work'd high: I bared my head to the storm,
 And with loud voice and clamorous agony
 Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,
 Pray'd that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
 And cling, with poisonous tooth, inextricable 320
 As the gored lion's bite!

Maria. A fearful curse!

Alhadra. But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd
 him ?

Dreamt you of no revenge ?

Albert (his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress). She
 would have died,
 Died in her sins—perchance, by her own hands!

Affixed to 296

During this speech Alhadra returns, and unobserved by Alvar and Teresa scans the picture, and in dumb show compares it with the countenance of Alvar. Then conceals it in her robe. MS. III.

300 Stage-direction om. Remorse. 305 thready] thready Remorse.
 322 him] them Remorse. 323 Stage-direction om. Remorse. 324
 sins] guilt Remorse.

And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds 325
 I might have met the evil glance of frenzy
 And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
 I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts,
 For still I loved her!

Alhadra. And you dreamt all this?

Maria. My soul is full of visions, all is wild! 330

Alhadra. There is no room in this heart for puling love-
 tales.

Lady! your servants there seem seeking us.

Maria (lifts up her veil and advances to Albert). Stranger,
 farewell! I guess not who you are,
 Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
 Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me 335
 With obscure memory of something past,
 Which still escap'd my efforts, or presented
 Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long-wishing.
 If (as it sometimes happens) our rude startling,
 While your full heart was shaping out its dream, 340
 Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness,
 You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
 But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
 And you need strength to drag them into light,
 The generous Velez, and my Lord Osorio 345
 Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
 Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt MARIA and ALHADRA.*

Albert (alone). 'Tis strange! it cannot be! my Lord Osorio!
 Her Lord Osorio! Nay, I will not do it.
 I curs'd him once, and one curse is enough. 350

330 all is] all as MS. III, *Remorse.*

332 MS. III *erased.*

332 *foll.*

ALHADRA (*aside*).

I must reserve all knowledge of this Tale
 Till I can pierce the mystery of the slander—
 Form, Look, Features,—the scar below the Temple
 All, all are Isidore's—and the whole Picture—

(*then to ALVAR.*)

On matter of concerning Import . . .
 . . . I would discourse with you:
 Thou hast ta'en up thy sojourn in the Dell,
 Where Zagri liv'd—who dar'd avow the Prophet,
 And died like one of the Faithful—there expect me.

Addition on margin of MS. III.

332 *om. Remorse.*

340 While] Whilst *Remorse.*

How sad she look'd and pale! but not like guilt,
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me might well cheat her. 355
But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honour.
Ah! there I am hamper'd. What if this were a lie
Fram'd by the assassin? who should tell it him
If it were truth? Osorio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? All else, I know, was truth. 360
No start! no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referr'd to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here, if that she were a traitress?
Here where we play'd together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? Where her cold cheek 365
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die, believing
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips! 370
I'll haunt this scene no more—live she in peace!
Her husband—ay, her husband! May this Angel
New-mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven!
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

359 *Interpolated by S. T. C. MS. III.*
had been a traitress *Remorse*.

363 Could she walk here, if she

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A wild and mountainous country. OSORIO and FERDINAND are discovered at a little distance from a house, which stands under the brow of a slate rock, the rock covered with vines.*

FERDINAND and OSORIO.

Ferdinand. Thrice you have sav'd my life. Once in the battle

You gave it me, next rescued me from suicide,
When for my follies I was made to wander
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them.
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had pillow'd my snap't joints. 5

Osorio. Good Ferdinand!

Why this to me? It is enough you know it.

Ferdinand. A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Seeking to ease her own full heart.

Osorio. Enough.

A debt repay'd ceases to be a debt. 10
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

Ferdinand. As how, my lord? I pray you name the thing!
I would climb up an ice-glaz'd precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied.

Osorio (with embarrassment and hesitation). Why—that—
lady—

Ferdinand. 'Tis now three years, my lord! since last I saw
you. 15

Have you a son, my lord?

Osorio. O miserable! [*Aside.*

Ferdinand! you are a man, and know this world.

Before 1.

A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from Isidore's house.

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

Isid. Now indeed

My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock
That overbrows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you sav'd my life. *Remorse.*

6 Had been my bed and pillow *Remorse.* 12 And how, my Lord,

I pray you to name *Remorse.* 14 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth !

She lov'd the man you kill'd !

Ferdinand (looking as suddenly alarmed). You jest, my lord ?

Osorio. And till his death is proved, she will not wed me. 20

Ferdinand. You sport with me, my lord ?

Osorio.

Come, come, this foolery

Lives only in thy looks—thy heart disowns it.

Ferdinand. I can bear this, and anything more grievous
From you, my lord !—but how can I serve you here ?

Osorio. Why, you can mouth set speeches solemnly, 25
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics.

[*Ferdinand*. I am dull, my lord ! I do not comprehend you.

Osorio. In blunt terms] you can play the sorcerer.

She has no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true.

Her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense : 30

Yet still a tale of spirits works on her.

She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,

Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye.

Such ones do love the marvellous too well

Not to believe it. We will wind her up 35

With a strange music, that she knows not of,

With fumes of frankincense, and mummary—

Then leave, as one sure token of his death,

That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck

I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest. 40

17 this world] mankind *Remorse*. 19 Stage-direction om. *Remorse*.

Between 24 and 26 :

Why you can utter with a solemn gesture

Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning *Remorse*.

27-8 The words in square brackets are interpolated in MS. I. They are in their
place, as here, in MSS. II, III, and in *Remorse*. 31 on] upon *Remorse*.

34-5 And such do love the marvellous too well

Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy *Remorse*.

Between 40 and 41 :

Isid. Will that be a sure sign ?

Ord.

Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,

(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses.)

She whisper'd such dark fears of me forsooth,

As made this heart pour gall into my veins.

And as she coyly bound it round his neck,

She made him promise silence; and now holds

The secret of the existence of this portrait

Known only to her lover and herself.

But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,

And unsuspected saw and heard the whole. *Remorse*.

Ferdinand (with hesitation). Just now I should have cursed
the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord! and I refuse.
But this I cannot do.

Osorio. Where lies your scruple?

Ferdinand. That shark Francesco.

Osorio. O! an o'ersiz'd gudgeon!
I baited, sir, my hook with a painted mitre, 45
And now I play with him at the end of the line.
Well—and what next?

Ferdinand (stammering). Next, next—my lord!
You know you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness,
That if the young man, her betrothéd husband, 50
Return'd, yourself, and she, and an unborn babe,
Must perish. Now, my lord! to be a man!

*Osorio (aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the
third person).* This fellow is a man! he kill'd for hire
One whom he knew not—yet has tender scruples.

[*Then turning to FERDINAND.*
Thy hums and ha's, thy whine and stammering. 55
Pish—fool! thou blunder'st through the devil's book,
Spelling thy villany!

Ferdinand. My lord—my lord!
I can bear much, yes, very much from you.
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness!
I am no villain, never kill'd for hire. 60
My gratitude——

Osorio. O! aye, your gratitude!
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

Ferdinand. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue
Tries to o'erreach me, is a very sharper,

41 *Isid.* But now, &c. *Remorse.* 44-7 *om. Remorse.* 47 *Isidore.*
Why—why, my lord! *Remorse.*

Between 50 and 53:

Return'd, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being native to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man— *Remorse.*

Stage-direction before 53 om. Remorse.

55-6 These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool! thou blund'rest through the book of guilt *Remorse.*

After 63 Ord. Virtue— *Remorse.* 64 *Isid.* Tries to o'erreach me, &c.
Remorse.

And should not speak of gratitude, my lord ! 65
I knew not 'twas your brother !

Osorio (evidently alarmed). And who told you ?

Ferdinand. He himself told me.

Osorio. Ha ! you talk'd with him ?

And those, the two Morescoes, that went with you ?

Ferdinand. Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

Osorio (in a low voice). My brother !

Ferdinand. Yes, my lord ! I could not tell you : 70
I thrust away the thought, it drove me wild.

But listen to me now. I pray you, listen !

Osorio. Villain ! no more ! I'll hear no more of it.

Ferdinand. My lord ! it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

Osorio (turning off from Ferdinand). Am I not a man ? 75
'Tis as it should be ! Tut—the deed itself
Was idle—and these after-pangs still idler !

Ferdinand. We met him in the very place you mention'd,
Hard by a grove of firs.

Osorio. Enough ! enough !

Ferdinand. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all ; 80
In fine, compell'd a parley !

Osorio (sighing as if lost in thought). Albert ! Brother !

Ferdinand. He offer'd me his purse.

Osorio. Yes ?

Ferdinand. Yes ! I spurn'd it.

He promis'd us I know not what—in vain !

Then with a look and voice which overaw'd me,

He said—What mean you, friends ? My life is dear. 85

I have a brother and a promised wife

Who make life dear to me, and if I fall

That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.

There was a likeness in his face to yours.

I ask'd his brother's name ; he said, *Osorio,* 90

Son of Lord Velez ! I had well-nigh fainted !

At length I said (if that indeed I said it,

And that no spirit made my tongue his organ),

That woman is now pregnant by that brother,

And he the man who sent us to destroy you, 95

66 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

who were with you ? *Remorse.*

Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

its *Remorse.*

68 And those, the two Morescoes

75 Am not I a man ? *Remorse.* 81

84 which] that *Remorse.* 93 his]

94 That woman is dishonoured *Remorse.*

He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
 He wore her portrait round his neck—he look'd
 As he had been made of the rock that propp'd him back;
 Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
 At last recovering from his trance, he threw 100
 His sword away, and bade us take his life—
 It was not worth his keeping.

Osorio. And you kill'd him?

O blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!
 He was the image of the Deity. [A pause.
 It seizes me—by Hell! I will go on! 105
 What? would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save
 thee! [Then suddenly pressing his forehead.
 Oh! cold, cold, cold—shot thro' with icy cold!

Ferdinand (aside). Were he alive, he had return'd ere now.
 The consequence the same, dead thro' his plotting!

Osorio. O this unutterable dying away here, 110
 This sickness of the heart! [A pause.

What if I went
 And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
 Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!
 [A pause.

What have I done but that which nature destin'd
 Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me? 115
 If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
 And if not meant——

Ferdinand. How feel you now, my lord?

[OSORIO starts, looks at him wildly, then, after a
 pause, during which his features are forced
 into a smile.

Osorio. A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.
 O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
 Now, Ferdinand, I swear that thou shalt aid me. 120

Ferdinand (in a low voice). I'll perish first! Shame on my
 coward heart,
 That I must slink away from wickedness
 Like a cow'd dog!

Osorio. What dost thou mutter of?

98 him] his *Remorse.* 100 last] length *Remorse.* 103 Stage-direction
om. Remorse. 104 He was his Maker's image undefac'd *Remorse.* 106
 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 111 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 113
 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 117 *Isidors.* You are disturb'd, my lord
Remorse. After 117 *Ord. (starts).* A gust, &c. *Remorse.* 121-3 Shame ...
dog om. Remorse.



Ferdinand. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

Osorio. There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you. 125

Ferdinand. They'll know my gait. But stay! of late I have watch'd

A stranger that lives nigh, still picking weeds,
Now in the swamp, now on the walls of the ruin,
Now clamb'ring, like a runaway lunatic,
Up to the summit of our highest mount. 130
I have watch'd him at it morning-tide and noon,
Once in the moonlight. Then I stood so near,
I heard him mutt'ring o'er the plant. A wizard!
Some gaunt slave, prowling out for dark employments.

Osorio. What may his name be?

Ferdinand. That I cannot tell you. 135

Only Francesco bade an officer
Speak in your name, as lord of this domain.
So he was question'd, who and what he was.
This was his answer: Say to the Lord Osorio,
'He that can bring the dead to life again.' 140

Osorio. A strange reply!

Ferdinand. Aye—all of him is strange.

Between 125 and 140.

Isidore. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade,
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

Ordonio. Doubtless you question'd him?

Isidore. 'Twas my intention,

Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself;
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio, *Remorse*.

He call'd himself a Christian—yet he wears
The Moorish robe, as if he courted death.

Osorio. Where does this wizard live?

Ferdinand (pointing to a distance). You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward thro' a narrow opening 145
It leads you to the place.

Osorio. How shall I know it?

Ferdinand. You can't mistake. It is a small green dale
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst, 150
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there (a curious sight) you see its shadow 155
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite—you cannot miss it.

143 robe] robes *Remorse.* 144 Stage-direction, a] *the Remorse.* 147
You cannot err. It is a small green dell *Remorse.*

Between 158 and 205:

Ordonio (in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning
round to *ISIDORE*). Ha! Who lurks there! Have we been over-
heard?

There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters—

Isidore. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?

Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

Ordonio. 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's lair.

Isidore. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

Ordonio. I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt* *ORDONIO* and *ISIDORE*.]

SCENE II.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.

Discovers *ALVAR*, *ZULIMEZ* and *ALHADRA*, as on the point of leaving.

A'hadra (addressing *ALVAR*). Farewell then! and though many
thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I

Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters

160

Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alvar. Nobly minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more, farewell.

[Exit ALHADRA.]

Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

Zulimez. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold?

Alvar. O faithful Zulimez!
That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable:—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants
His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,
All perish—all; and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Zulimez. Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome:
You are a painter, one of many fancies!
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvass! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,

O'er the new thatch.

Osorio.

I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exit OSORIO. FERDINAND goes into his house.*]

Scene changes.

The inside of a cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.

ALBERT and MAURICE.

Albert. He doth believe himself an iron soul,
And therefore puts he on an iron outward
And those same mock habiliments of strength
Hide his own weakness from himself.

Maurice. His weakness! 165
Come, come, speak out! Your brother is a villain!
Yet all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You suffer him to hold!

Albert. Maurice! dear Maurice!
That my return involved Osorio's death
I trust would give me an unmingl'd pang— 170
Yet bearable. But when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs even on the ground
Which soon must be his grave; and my Maria,
Her husband proved a monster, and her infants

You have learnt to name—

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

Alvar. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

Alvar. It is he!

Ordonio (to himself as he enters). If I distinguished right her gait and stature,

It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing ALVAR.*

You know my name, I guess, if not my person. *Remorse.*

[*For lines 31-46 of Remorse, Act II, Scene II, vide supra Osorio, Act II, Scene II, lines 169-84.*]

Stage-direction preceding 162:

Albert and an old servant both dressed as Moorscos. Corr. in MS. III.

162-6 *MS. III erased.*

167-8 And all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You let a murderer hold!

Albert. O faithful Ali *Corr. in MS. III.*

His infants—poor Maria!—all would perish, 175
 All perish—all!—and I (nay bear with me!)
 Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Maurice (much affected). Nay, now, if I have distress'd you
 —you well know,

I ne'er will quit your fortunes! true, 'tis tiresome.
 You are a painter—one of many fancies— 180
 You can call up past deeds, and make them live
 On the blank canvas, and each little herb,
 That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
 You've learnt to name—but I—

Albert. Well, to the Netherlands
 We will return, the heroic Prince of Orange 185
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
 Of our past service.

Maurice. Heard you not some steps?

Albert. What if it were my brother coming onward!
 Not very wisely (but his creature teiz'd me)
 I sent a most mysterious message to him. 190

Maurice. Would he not know you?

Albert. I unfearingly
 Trust this disguise. Besides, he thinks me dead;
 And what the mind believes impossible,
 The bodily sense is slow to recognize.
 Add too my youth, when last we saw each other; 195
 Manhood has swell'd my chest, and taught my voice
 A hoarser note.

Maurice. Most true! And Alva's Duke
 Did not improve it by the unwholesome viands
 He gave so scantily in that foul dungeon,
 During our long imprisonment.

Enter OSORIO.

Albert. It is he! 200

Maurice. Make yourself talk; you'll feel the less. Come,
 speak.

184-7 *Albert.* Yes to the Netherlands
 We will return, these robes this stained complexion
 Akin to Falsehood, weigh upon my spirit
 What e'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
 Of our past service. *Corr. in MS. III.*

200 *After Enter OSORIO.* Be quick
 Remove these tablets—quick conceal it— *Corr. in MS. III.*
 201-3 *in MS. III.*

How do you find yourself? Speak to me, Albert.

Albert (placing his hand on his heart). A little fluttering here; but more of sorrow!

Osorio. You know my name, perhaps, better than me.
I am Osorio, son of the Lord Velez. 205

Albert (groaning aloud). The son of Velez!

[*OSORIO walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*]

Maurice. Why, what ails you now?

[*ALBERT grasps MAURICE's hand in agitation.*]

Maurice. How your hand trembles, Albert! Speak! what wish you?

Albert. To fall upon his neck and weep in anguish!

Osorio (returning). All very curious! from a ruin'd abbey Pluck'd in the moonlight. There's a strange power in weeds When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er them. 211 Then they work miracles! I warrant you, There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks Some serviceable imp. There's one of you, Who sent me a strange message.

Albert. I am he! 215

Osorio. I will speak with you, and by yourself.

[*Exit MAURICE.*]

Osorio. 'He that can bring the dead to life again.' Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard, But one that strips the outward rind of things!

Albert. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds That are all dust and rottenness within. 221 Would'st thou I should strip such?

Osorio. Thou quibbling fool, What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd hither To sport with thee?

Albert. No, no! my lord! to sport

Stage-directions (*groaning, &c.*) before 206, and (*Albert, &c.*) after 206 *om.*
Remorse. 206 *Zul. (to Alvar).* Why, &c. *Remorse.* 208 in anguish]
forgiveness Remorse.

209-10 *Ord. (returning and aloud).*

Plucked in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—

Those only, which the pale rays visited!

O the unintelligible power of weeds, *Remorse.*

215 Who] Hath *Remorse.*

216 *Ord.* With you, then, I am to speak.

[*Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.*]

And mark you, alone.

[*Exit ZULIMEZ. Remorse.*]

224 No, no!] O no! *Remorse.*

Best fits the gaiety of innocence!

225

Osorio (draws back as if stung and embarrassed, then folding his arms). O what a thing is Man! the wisest heart
A fool—a fool, that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! *[Looks round the cottage.*

It strikes me you are poor!

Albert. What follows thence?

Osorio.

That you would fain be richer.

Besides, you do not love the rack, perhaps, 230

Nor a black dungeon, nor a fire of faggots.

The Inquisition—hey? You understand me,

And you are poor. Now I have wealth and power,

Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty.

And for this service, all I ask you is 235

That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

Albert (solemnly). Thou art the son of Velez! Would to
Heaven

That I could truly and for ever serve thee!

Osorio. The canting scoundrel softens. *[Aside.*

You are my friend!

'He that can bring the dead to life again.' 240

Nay, no defence to me. The holy brethren

Believe these calumnies. I know thee better.

[Then with great bitterness.

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

Albert. Alas, this hollow mirth! Declare your business!

Osorio. I love a lady, and she would love me 245

But for an idle and fantastic scruple.

Have you no servants round the house? no listeners?

[Osorio steps to the door.

Albert. What! faithless too? false to his angel wife?

To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,

Ill-starr'd Maria! Wretch! my softer soul 250

Is pass'd away! and I will probe his conscience.

225 fits] suits *Remorse.* Before 226 *Ord. (aside).* O what a, &c. *Remorse.*

228 Yet still a fool! *[Looks round the cottage.*

You are poor! *Remorse.*

230-3 The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?

You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power *Remorse.*

235 And for the boon I ask of you but this *Remorse.* 237 Stage-

direction om. *Remorse.* 239 *Ord.* The slave begins to soften. *[aside.*

You are my friend *Remorse.* After 242 Stage-direction om. *Remorse.*

244 *Alv. (aside).* Alas! &c. *Remorse.* 247 Have you no servants here,
&c.? *Remorse.*

Osorio (returned). In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.

Albert. What? you kill'd him? hey?

Osorio. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it,
Thou slave! thou galley-slave! thou mountebank! 255
I leave thee to the hangman!

Albert. Fare you well!
I pity you, Osorio! even to anguish!

[*ALBERT retires off the stage.*]

Osorio (recovering himself). 'Twas ideotcy! I'll tie myself
to an aspen,
And wear a Fool's Cap. Ho! [Calling after ALBERT.

Albert (returning). Be brief, what wish you?

Osorio. You are deep at bartering—you charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely. 261

Albert. I listen to you.

Osorio. In a sudden tempest
Did Albert perish—he, I mean, the lover—
The fellow——

Albert. Nay, speak out, 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain! Why stand'st thou aghast? 265
Men think it natural to hate their rivals!

Osorio (hesitating and half doubting whether he should proceed).

Now till she knows him dead she will not wed me!

Albert (with eager vehemence). Are you not wedded, then?
Merciful God!

Not wedded to Maria?

Osorio. Why, what ails thee?
Art mad or drunk? Why look'st thou upward so? 270
Dost pray to Lucifer, prince of the air?

252. Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

255-9 Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—

[Turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.

Why! What's this?

'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

Alvar. Fare thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[ALVAR is retiring.

[Calling to ALVAR.

Ordonio. Ho!

Alvar. Be brief, &c. *Remorse.*

267 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 268 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
God] Heaven *Remorse.* 270 What, art thou mad? Why look'st thou
upward so? *Remorse.*

Albert. Proceed. I shall be silent.

[*ALBERT sits, and leaning on the table hides his face.*

Osorio.

To Maria!

Politick wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes! Hah! you prophesied 275
A golden crop!—well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

Albert (lifting up his head). Well—and this lady!

Osorio. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her, 280
She tied a little portrait round his neck
Entreating him to wear it.

Albert (sighing). Yes! he did so!

Osorio. Why, no! he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep 285
Till his return.

Albert. What, he was your friend then?

Osorio (wounded and embarrassed). I was his friend. [*A pause.*

Now that he gave it me

This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call this dead man up—he will not come— 290
He is in heaven then!—there you have no influence—
Still there are tokens; and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture. 295
What say you now?

Albert (after a long pause). *Osorio,* I will do it.

Osorio. Delays are dangerous. It shall be to-morrow
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Velez.
I will prepare him. Music, too, and incense,
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture— 300
And here what you will value more, a purse.
Before the dusk—

Albert.

I will not fail to meet you.

272 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 278 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
Well—and this lady! Pray, proceed my lord *MS. III. erased.* 282
Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* Before and after 287 Stage-direction *om.*
Remorse. 290 this] the *Remorse.* 296 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

297 *Ordinio.* We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night, *Remorse.*

300-2 (For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)

All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,

And here, what you will value more, a purse.

Come early for your magic ceremonies. *Remorse.*

Osorio. Till next we meet, farewell!

Albert (alone, gazes passionately at the portrait). And I did curse thee?

At midnight? on my knees? And I believed
Thee perjur'd, thee polluted, thee a murderess? 305

O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!

Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows,
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment 310

And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble.

Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant

Who spake pollutions of thee!

I am unworthy of thy love, Maria!

Of that unearthly smile upon those lips, 315

Which ever smil'd on me! Yet do not scorn me.

I lis'd thy name ere I had learnt my mother's!

Enter MAURICE.

Albert. Maurice! that picture, which I painted for thee,
Of my assassination.

Maurice. I'll go fetch it.

Albert. Haste! for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd. 320

[MAURICE goes out.]

Albert (gazing at the portrait). Dear image! rescued from a
traitor's keeping,

I will not now prophane thee, holy image!

To a dark trick! That worst bad man shall find

A picture which shall wake the hell within him,

And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience! 325

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

303 *Exit* ORDONIO. ALVAR (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes, &c. Remorse.* 305 Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! Thee dishonour'd!

Remorse.

Between 312 and 313:

Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life

This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow

I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-pang! *Remorse.*

Added to 318-19 omitted. (All re-enters).

Ali! new Hope, new joy! A life thrills thro' me

As if renew'd from Heaven! Bring back that tablet

Restor'd to me by a fortunate Star. This picture

Of my assassination will I leave

As the token of my Fate:—

Haste, for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd [*Exit Ali. MS. III.*

318-20 and stage-directions [*Maurice, &c.; (gazing, &c.) om. Remorse.* 321
image] portrait *Remorse.* 324 shall] will *Remorse.*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A hall of armory, with an altar in the part farthest from the stage.*

VELEZ, OSORIO, MARIA.

Maria. Lord Velez! you have ask'd my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me!)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery!

[Here ALBERT enters in a sorcerer's robe.

Maria (to Albert). Stranger ! I mourn and blush to see *you* here

Before 1

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel. VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

Ord. This was too melancholy, father.

Val.

Nay,

My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in [of *Osor*.] the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely-moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his { grandmother had *Osor*.
grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
{ His infant dress was grown too short for him, *Osor*.
{ Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

Alv. (aside).

My tears must not flow!

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA and attendants.

Remorse.

[These lines with the variants as noted above are included in *Osorio*, Act III, lines 58-74.]

After 3 stage-direction om. Reinorse.

Between 3 and 4

Ordonio. Believe you then no preternatural influence?

{ Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
{ I thought you held that spirits throng'd around us? *Corr. in MS. III.*

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it

A possible thing; and it has sooth'd my soul

As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me

To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,

That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard. *Remorse.*

4 you] you Remorse.

On such employments! With far other thoughts 5
I left you.

Osorio (aside). Ha! he has been tampering with her!

Albert. O high-soul'd maiden, and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name, I swear to thee,
I will uncover all concealed things!
Doubt, but decide not!

Stand from off the altar. 10

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes, from an instrument of glass or steel—the harmonica or Celestina stop, or Clagget's metallic organ.*]

Albert. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed. Soul of Albert!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spells:
So may the gates of Paradise unbarr'd
Cease thy swift toils, since haply thou art one 15
Of that innumerable company,
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard—
Fitliest unheard! For, O ye numberless 20
And rapid travellers! what ear unstun'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart sands, 25
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion,
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night.
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven 30
Stands vast, and moves in blackness. Ye too split
The ice-mount, and with fragments many and huge,
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff.
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance, 35
Till from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

Soul of Albert!

5 employments] employment *Remorse.* 9 things] guilt *Remorse.*
10 Stand ye from the altar *Remorse.* After 10 [*Here, &c. . . scene*
Remorse. 13 spells] spell *Remorse.* 21 unstun'd] unstunn'd *Remorse.*
After 23 [*Music Remorse.* 29 build up] upbuild *Remorse.* 37 [*Here*
behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet Spirit.' *Remorse.*

Hear the mild spell and tempt no blacker charm.
 By sighs unquiet and the sickly pang
 Of an half dead yet still undying hope, 40
 Pass visible before our mortal sense ;
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses that redeem the dead.

THE SONG

(Sung behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.)

Hear, sweet spirit ! hear the spell
 Lest a blacker charm compel ! 45
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.
 And at evening evermore
 In a chapel on the shore
 Shall the chanters sad and saintly, 50
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chant for thee,
 Miserere, Domine !
 Hark ! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea, 55
 The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
 Miserere, Domine ! [A long pause.

Osorio. This was too melancholy, father !

Veles.

Nay !

My Albert lov'd sad music from a child.
 Once he was lost ; and after weary search 60
 We found him in an open place of the wood,
 To which spot he had follow'd a blind boy
 Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
 Some strangely-moving notes, and these, he said,
 Were taught him in a dream ; him we first saw 65
 Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank ;
 And, lower down, poor Albert fast asleep,
 His head upon the blind boy's dog—it pleased me
 To mark, how he had fasten'd round the pipe
 A silver toy, his grandmother had given him. 70

After 43 Song.—Behind the scenes, &c. Remorse. 50 chanters] chaunter
Remorse. 58-74 are printed as ll. 1-17, Act III, Sc. 1 Remorse.
61 of] in Remorse.

70-72 A silver toy his grandam had late given him,
 Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
 Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Remorse, Act III, ll. 13-15.

Methinks I see him now, as he then look'd.
His infant dress was grown too short for him,
Yet still he wore it.

Albert (aside). My tears must not flow—
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, my father!

Osorio. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell. 75
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me.

Albert (abruptly). A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit 80
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee,
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if, his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love, he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look 85
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

Valdez. These are unholy fancies!

Osorio (struggling with his feelings). Yes, my father!
He is in heaven!

Albert (still to Osorio). But what if this same brother
Had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convuls'd his face 90
More than the death-pang?

Maria. Idly-prating man!
He was most virtuous.

Albert (still to Osorio). What if his very virtues
Had pamper'd his swoln heart, and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt,
Yet still he stalk'd, a self-created God, 95
Not very bold, but excellently cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass,
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings,—

79 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

87 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

88-9

But what if he had a brother,

Who had lived even so *Remorse.*

91-2

Valdez.

Idly prating man!

Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!

He is most virtuous. *Remorse.*

96 excellently] exquisitely *Remorse.*

Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd, 100
 To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
 At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
 Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
 Away! away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music as before.*

Albert. The spell is mutter'd—come, thou wandering shape,
 Who own'st no master in an eye of flesh, 106
 What's'er be this man's doom, fair be it or foul,
 If he be dead, come quick, and bring with thee
 That which he grasp'd in death; and if he lives,
 Some token of his obscure perilous life. 110

[*The whole orchestra crashes into one chorus.*

Wandering demon! hear the spell
 Lest a blacker charm compel!

[*A thunder-clap. The incense on the altar takes
 fire suddenly.*

Maria. This is some trick—I know, it is a trick.

Between 104 and 105

[*Music again.*

Teresa. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
 But what's'er it mean, I dare no longer
 Be present at these lawless mysteries,
 This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!
 Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
 Yet Alvar's memory!—Hark! I make appeal
 Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
 To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
 That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
 Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

Alv. (to TERESA).

O full of faith and guileless love, thy spirit
 Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
 Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt TERESA and Attendant. Music as before. Remorse.*

106 an eye of flesh] a human eye *Remorse.* 108 come quick] O come
Remorse. 109 and if he lives] but if he live *Remorse.* After 110
The whole music clashes into a Chorus Remorse. 111 demon] demons
Remorse.

113 foll. For the rest of Act III, as published in *Remorse*, vide post pp. 851-8. According to the Editor of *Osorio* as first published in 1873, 'The rest of this Act is entirely different in the published *Remorse*.' This statement needs qualification. The remainder of Act III of *Osorio* was rewritten, much was omitted, much added, and the 'dramatic ordonnance' of this part of the play was remodelled on a different plan, but the following lines 174-82, 195-202, 210-31 and 246-7 were included, with certain alterations, in *Remorse*. See *Remorse*, Act III, Scene II, ll. 64-71, 79-87, 94-114 and 185-6.

Yet my weak fancy, and these bodily creepings,
Would fain give substance to the shadow.¹

Velez (advancing to the altar).

Hah!

115

A picture!

Maria. O God! my picture?

Albert (gazing at Maria with wild impatient distressfulness).

Pale—pale—deadly pale!

Maria. He grasp'd it when he died.

[*She swoons. ALBERT rushes to her and supports her.*

Albert.

My love! my wife!

Pale—pale, and cold! My love! my wife! Maria!

[*VELEZ is at the altar. OSORIO remains near him in a state of stupor.*

Osorio (rousing himself). Where am I? 'Twas a lazy chilliness.

120

Velez (takes and conceals the picture in his robe). This way, my son! She must not see this picture.

Go, call the attendants! Life will soon ebb back!

[*VELEZ and OSORIO leave the stage.*

Albert. Her pulse doth flutter. Maria! my Maria!

Maria (recovering—looks round). I heard a voice—but often in my dreams,

I hear that voice, and wake; and try, and try,

125

To hear it waking—but I never could!

And 'tis so now—even so! Well, he is dead,

Murder'd perhaps! and I am faint, and feel

As if it were no painful thing to die!

Albert (eagerly). Believe it not, sweet maid! believe it not, Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture

131

Framed by a guilty wretch.

Maria. Ha! who art thou?

Albert (exceedingly agitated). My heart bursts over thee!

Maria. Didst thou murder him?

¹ In MS. II this speech is crossed out, and on the blank page opposite the following is written in Coleridge's hand:—

'Instead of Maria's portrait, Albert places on the altar a small picture of his attempted assassination. The scene is not wholly without *poetical* merit, but it is miserably undramatic, or rather untragic. A scene of magic is introduced in which no single person on the stage has the least faith—all, though in different ways, think or know it to be a *trick*—consequently, &c.' P. W., 1898, p. 494, *Editor's Note*.

In MS. III the following stage-direction is written (in S. T. C.'s handwriting) on the page opposite to lines 118–15:—

'Albert has placed on the altar a small picture representing the attempt to assassinate him, instead of the portrait of Maria which Osorio had given him.'

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man!
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee! 135

Albert (aside). Let me be gone.

Maria. If thou didst murder him,
His spirit ever, at the throne of God,
Asks mercy for thee, prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in heaven!

Albert. Albert was not murder'd.
Your foster-mother——

Maria. And doth she know aught? 140

Albert. She knows not aught—but haste thou to her cottage
To-morrow early—bring Lord Velez with thee.
There ye must meet me—but your servants come.

Maria (wildly). Nay—nay—but tell me!

[*A pause—then presses her forehead.*

Ah! 'tis lost again!

This dead confused pain! [*A pause—she gazes at ALBERT.*
Mysterious man! 145

Methinks, I cannot fear thee—for thine eye
Doth swim with pity—I will lean on thee.

[*Exeunt ALBERT and MARIA.*

Re-enter VELEZ and OSORIO.

Velez (sportively). You shall not see the picture, till you
own it.¹

Osorio. This mirth and raillery, sir! beseech your age.
I am content to be more serious.² 150

¹ In MS. II Coleridge has written opposite this :—'Velez supposes the picture is an innocent contrivance of Osorio's to remove Maria's scruples: Osorio, that it is the portrait of Maria which he had himself given the supposed Wizard.' *P. W.*, 1898, p. 495, *Editor's Note*.

In MS. III Coleridge wrote on the opposite page :—'Velez supposes the picture which represents the attempt to assassinate Albert, to have been a mere invention contrived by Osorio with the most innocent intentions. Osorio supposes it of course, to be the portrait of Maria which he had restored to Albert!'

² The transcriber of MS. I had here written 'superstitious', which is marked through with ink, and 'serious' is substituted, in Coleridge's own hand. In MS. II 'superstitious' is left undisturbed. *P. W.*, 1898, p. 495, *Editor's Note*. In MS. III 'serious' is erased and 'superstitious' is superscribed.

140-3 *And . . . come MS. III erased.*

After 146 Doth swim with love and pity—Well Ordonio
O my foreboding Spirit, he suborn'd thee,
And thou didst spare his life *Corr. in MS. III.*

Velez. Do you think I did not scent it from the first?
An excellent scheme, and excellently managed.
'Twill blow away her doubts, and now she'll wed you,
I'faith, the likeness is most admirable.
I saw the trick—yet these old eyes grew dimmer 155
With very foolish tears, it look'd so like him!

Osorio. Where should I get her portrait?

Velez. Get her portrait?
Portrait? You mean the picture! At the painter's—
No difficulty then—but that you lit upon
A fellow that could play the sorcerer, 160
With such a grace and terrible majesty,
It was most rare good fortune. And how deeply
He seem'd to suffer when Maria swoon'd,
And half made love to her! I suppose you'll ask me
Why did he so?

Osorio (with deep tones of suppressed agitation). Ay, where-
fore did he so? 165

Velez. Because you bade him—and an excellent thought!
A mighty man, and gentle as he is mighty.
He'll wind into her confidence, and rout
A host of scruples—come, confess, *Osorio!*

Osorio. You pierce through mysteries with a lynx's eye, 170
In this, your merry mood! you see it all!

Velez. Why, no!—not all. I have not yet discover'd,
At least, not wholly, what his speeches meant.
Pride and hypocrisy, and guilt and cunning—
Then when he fix'd his obstinate eye on you, 175
And you pretended to look strange and tremble.
Why—why—what ails you now?

Osorio (with a stupid stare). Me? why? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—it might have happen'd
At any other time. Why scan you me?

Velez (clapping him on the shoulder). 'Twon't do—'twon't do—
I have lived too long in the world. 180
His speech about the corse and stabs and murderers,
Had reference to the assassins in the picture:
That I made out.

Osorio (with a frantic eagerness). Assassins! what assassins!

Velez. Well-acted, on my life! Your curiosity
Runs open-mouth'd, ravenous as winter wolf. 185
I dare not stand in its way.

[*He shows OSORIO the picture.*

Osorio. Dup'd—dup'd—dup'd!

That villain Ferdinand! (*aside*).

Velez.

Dup'd—dup'd—not I.

As he swept by me——

Osorio.

Ha! *what* did he say?

Velez. He caught his garment up and hid his face.

It seem'd as he were struggling to suppress—— 190

Osorio. A laugh! a laugh! O hell! he laughs at me!

Velez. It heaved his chest more like a violent sob.

Osorio. A choking laugh!

[*A pause—then very wildly.*

I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this!

Velez.

Glad!—aye—*to* be sure.

Osorio. I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down 195

Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark——

And every inch of this my flesh did feel

As if a cold toad touch'd it! Now 'tis sunshine,

And the blood dances freely thro' its channels!

[*He turns off—then (to himself) mimicking FERDINAND'S manner.*¹

'A common trick of gratitude, my lord! 200

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect

His own full heart,' 'twere good to see its colour!

Velez (looking intently at the picture). Calm, yet commanding! how he bares his breast,

Yet still they stand with dim uncertain looks,

As penitence had run before their crime. 205

A crime too black for aught to follow it

Save blasphemous despair! See *this* man's face——

With what a difficult toil he drags his soul

To do the deed. [*Then to OSORIO.*

O this was delicate flattery

To poor Maria, and I love thee for it! 210

Osorio (in a slow voice with a reasoning laugh). Love—love——

and then we hate—and what? and wherefore?

Hatred and love. Strange things! both strange alike!

What if one reptile sting another reptile,

Where is the crime? The goodly face of Nature

Hath one trail less of slimy filth upon it. 215

¹ In MS. II Coleridge has written opposite this:—'Osorio immediately supposes that this wizard whom Ferdinand had recommended to him, was in truth, an accomplice of Ferdinand, to whom the whole secret had been betrayed.' P. W., 1898, p. 496, *Editor's Note*.

Are we not all predestined rottenness
 And cold dishonor? Grant it that this hand
 Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
 Somewhat too early. Where's the guilt of this?
 That this must needs bring on the idiotey 220
 Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

Veles. Wild talk, my child! but thy excess of feeling

[*Turns off from Osorio.*]

Sometimes, I fear, it will unhinge his brain!

Osorio. I kill a man and lay him in the sun,
 And in a month there swarm from his dead body 225
 A thousand—nay, ten thousand sentient beings
 In place of that one man whom I had kill'd.
 Now who shall tell me, that each one and all,
 Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy
 As that one life, which being shov'd aside 230
 Made room for these ten thousand?¹

Veles. Wild as madness!

Osorio. Come, father! you have taught me to be merry,
 And merrily we'll pore upon this picture.

Veles (*holding the picture before Osorio*). That Moor, who
 points his sword at Albert's breast——

Osorio (*abruptly*). A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful
 villain, 235

Whom I will strangle!

Veles. And these other two——

Osorio. Dead—dead already!—what care I for the dead?

Veles. The heat of brain and your too strong affection
 For Albert, fighting with your other passion,
 Unsettle you, and give reality 240
 To these your own contrivings.

Osorio. Is it so?

You see through all things with *your* penetration.

¹ Opposite the passage in MS. II the following is written in the transcriber's hand:—

Oe malheur, dites-vous, est le bien d'un autre être —
 De mon corps tout sanglant, mille insectes vont naître.
 Quand la mort met le comble aux maux que j'ai souffert,
 Le beau soulagement d'être mangé de vers!
 Je ne suis du grand tout qu'une faible partie —
 Oui; mais les animaux condamnés à la vie
 Sous les êtres sentants nés sous la même loi
 Vivent dans la douleur, et meurent comme moi.

Désastre de Lisbonne. P. W., 1898, p. 491, Editor's Note.

Now I am calm. How fares it with Maria?
My heart doth ache to see her.

Velez. Nay—defer it!

Defer it, dear Osorio! I will go. [Exit VELEZ.]

Osorio. A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea— 246
And now 'tis gone! all may be done this night!

Enter a Servant.

Osorio. There is a man, once a Moresco chieftain,
One Ferdinand.

Servant. He lives in the Alpuxarras,
Beneath a slate rock.

Osorio. Slate rock?

Servant. Yes, my lord! 250

If you had seen it, you must have remember'd
The flight of steps his children had worn up it
With often clambering.

Osorio. Well, it may be so.

Servant. Why, now I think on't, at this time of the year
'Tis hid by vines.

Osorio (in a muttering voice). The cavern—aye—the cavern.
He cannot fail to find it. [To the Servant.]

Where art going? 256

You must deliver to this Ferdinand

A letter. Stay till I have written it. [Exit the Servant.]

Osorio (alone). The tongue can't stir when the mouth is
fill'd with mould.

A little earth stops up most eloquent mouths, 260

And a square stone with a few pious texts

Cut neatly on it, keeps the earth down tight.

Scene changes to the space before the castle.

FRANCESCO and a Spy.

Francesco. Yes! yes! I have the key of all their lives.
If a man fears me, he is forced to love me.

And if I can, and do not ruin him, 265

He is fast bound to serve and honour me!

[ALBERT enters from the castle, and is crossing the stage.]

Spy. There—there—your Reverence! That is the sorcerer.

[FRANCESCO runs up and rudely catches hold of

ALBERT. ALBERT dashes him to the earth.

FRANCESCO and the Spy make an uproar,
and the servants rush from out the castle.

Francesco. Seize, seize and gag him! or the Church curses you!

[*The servants seize and gag ALBERT.*]

Enter VELEZ and OSORIO.

Osorio (aside). This is most lucky!

Francesco (inarticulate with rage). See you this, Lord Velez? Good evidence have I of most foul sorcery, 270

And in the name of Holy Church command you

To give me up the keys—the keys, my lord!

Of that same dungeon-hole beneath your castle.

This imp of hell—but we delay enquiry

Till to Granada we have convoy'd him. 275

Osorio (to the Servants). Why haste you not? Go, fly and dungeon him!

Then bring the keys and give them to his Reverence.

[*The Servants hurry off ALBERT. OSORIO goes up to FRANCESCO, and pointing at ALBERT.*]

Osorio (with a laugh). 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'

Francesco. What? did you hear it?

Osorio. Yes, and plann'd this scheme To bring conviction on him. Ho! a wizard, 280

Thought I—but where's the proof! I plann'd this scheme.

The scheme has answer'd—we have proof enough.

Francesco. My lord, your pious policy astounds me.

I trust my honest zeal—

Osorio. Nay, reverend father!

It has but raised my veneration for you. 285

But 'twould be well to stop all intertalk

Between my servants and this child of darkness.

Francesco. My lord! with speed I'll go, make swift return, And humbly redeliver you the keys. [*Exit FRANCESCO.*]

Osorio (alone). 'The stranger, that lives nigh, still picking weeds.' 290

And this was his friend, his crony, his twin-brother!

O! I am green, a very simple stripling—

The wise men of this world make nothing of me.

By Heaven, 'twas well contrived! And I, forsooth,

I was to cut my throat in honour of conscience. 295

And this tall wizard—ho!—he was to pass

For Albert's friend! He hath a trick of his manner.

He was to tune his voice to honey'd sadness,

And win her to a transfer of her love
 By lamentable tales of her dear Albert, 300
 And his dear Albert! Yea, she would have lov'd him.
 He, that can sigh out in a woman's ear
 Sad recollections of her perish'd lover,
 And sob and smile with veering sympathy,
 And, now and then, as if by accident, 305
 Pass his mouth close enough to touch her cheek
 With timid lip, he takes the lover's place,
 He takes his place, for certain! Dusky rogue,
 Were it not sport to whimper with thy mistress,
 Then steal away and roll upon my grave, 310
 Till thy sides shook with laughter? Blood! blood! blood!
 They want thy blood! thy blood, Osorio!

[END OF ACT THE THIRD.]

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A cavern, dark except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side of the further end of it, supposed to be cast on it from a cranny [crevice Remorse] in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

[FERDINAND alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.]

Ferdinand. Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this

It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!

I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.

Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!

His life in danger—no place safe but this. 5

'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude!

And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.

It cannot be!

Thanks to that little cranny

299 interpolated by S. T. C. MS. III. 1-3 Erased MS. III.: om. Remorse.

1-3 This ceaseless dreary sound of { water-drops
 dropping water—
 I would they had not fallen upon my Torch!

Corr. in MS. III.

8 cannot] can not Remorse. cranny] crevice Remorse. 5-6 In
 inverted commas. Remorse.

Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
 To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard, 10
 Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep,
 'Twere better than this dreary noise of water-drops!

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, [and returns. Remorse] returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstasy of fear.*]

A hellish pit! O God—'tis like my night-mair!
 I was just in!—and those damn'd fingers of ice
 Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha! what's that? it moved!

[*FERDINAND stands [motionless MS. III erased] staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time OSORIO enters with a torch and hollas to him [halloes to ISIDORE Remorse].*]

Ferdinand. I swear, I saw a something moving there! 16
 The moonshine came and went, like a flash of lightning.
 I swear, I saw it move!

[*OSORIO goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.*]

Osorio. A jutting clay-stone
 Drips on the long lank weed that grows beneath;

12 MS. III erased.

Between 11 and 13

(a) Any thing but this crash of water drops!
 These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
 With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
 So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear *Remorse.*

(b) Anything but this { crash of water-drops
 { noise
 { scoffing
 At broken measure { mocking intervals—
 Their discontinuous, interruptive sound
 { These
 { ~~With~~ dull abortive &c. MS. III erased.

Affixed to variant (a) of l. 12 '—this at all events is the final result of this correction.' S. T. C.

13 A hellish pit! O God—'tis that I dreamt of! *Corr. in MS. III:*
 A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of! *Remorse.* *Affixed to 13 'You mean like the dream presented to my mind when under the influence of the night-mare. This is most ludicrously expressed.' O. Ll[oyd]*
 16 I swear that I saw something *Remorse.* 18 *In the stage-direction the last four words are omitted Remorse.* 19 Drips] Drops *Remorse.*

And the weed nods and drips.

Ferdinand (*forcing a faint laugh*). A joke to laugh at! 20
It was not that which frighten'd me, my lord!

Osorio. What frighten'd you?

Ferdinand. You see that little cranny?
But first permit me,

[*Lights his torch at OSORIO's, and while lighting it.*

[A lighted torch in the hand

Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours 25
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.]¹

You see that cranny there?

Osorio. Well, what of that?

Ferdinand. I walk'd up to it, meaning to sit there.

¹ The square brackets (which appear in both MSS.) seem to indicate that these words were an 'aside'. P. W. 1898, p. 499. *Editor's Note.*

Between 19 and 31.

Isidore. A jest to laugh at!

It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

Ordonio. What scar'd you, then?

Isidore. You see that little rift?

But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at ORDONIO's, and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand

Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?

My torch extinguished by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence.
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the void so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?

Fear too bath its instincts!

(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it. *Remorse.*

When I had reach'd it within twenty paces——

[FERDINAND starts as if he felt the terror over again.

Merciful Heaven! Do go, my lord! and look. 30

[OSORIO goes and returns.

Osorio. It must have shot some pleasant feelings thro' you?

Ferdinand. If every atom of a dead man's flesh

Should move, each one with a particular life,

Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!

Or if it drizzled needle-points of frost 35

Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

Osorio (interrupting him). Why, Ferdinand! I blush for thy cowardice.

It would have startled any man, I grant thee.

But such a panic.

Ferdinand. When a boy, my lord!

I could have sat whole hours beside that chasm, 40

Push'd in huge stones and heard them thump and rattle

Against its horrid sides; and hung my head

Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments

Sunk, with faint crash, in that still groaning well,

Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never 45

A living thing came near; unless, perchance,

Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould,

Close at its edge.

Osorio. Art thou more coward now?

Ferdinand. Call him that fears his fellow-men a coward.

I fear not man. But this inhuman cavern 50

It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.

Besides (you'll laugh, my lord!) but true it is,

My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted¹

¹ Against this passage Coleridge has written in MS. II:—'This will be held by many for a mere Tragedy-dream—by many who have never given themselves the trouble to ask themselves from what grounds dreams pleased in Tragedy, and wherefore they have become so common.'

33 move] creep Remorse. 35 if] had Remorse.

37-9 Odonio.

Why, Isidore,

I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,

I grant you, even a brave man for a moment— Remorse.

41 thump] strike Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.

42 and] then Remorse.

44 Sunk with a faint splash in that groaning Corr. in MS. III.

Sunk]

Sank Remorse.

49 fellow-men] fellow man Remorse.

52 laugh]

smile Remorse.

By what had pass'd between us in the morning.
 I saw you in a thousand hideous ways, 55
 And doz'd and started, doz'd again and started.
 I do entreat your lordship to believe me,
 In my last dream——

Osorio. Well?

Ferdinand. I was in the act
 Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
 Waked me. She heard my heart beat!

Osorio. Strange enough! 60
 Had you been here before?

Ferdinand. Never, my lord!
 But my eyes do not see it now more clearly
 Than in my dream I saw that very chasm.

[*Osorio stands in a deep study—then, after a pause.*]

Osorio. There is no reason why it should be so.
 And yet it is.

Ferdinand. What is, my lord?

Osorio. Unpleasant 65
 To kill a man!

Ferdinand. Except in self-defence.

I believe, however, that in the present case, the whole is here psychologically true and accurate. Prophetic dreams are things of nature, and explicable by that law of the mind in which where dim ideans are connected with vivid feelings, Perception and Imagination insinuate themselves and mix with the forms of Recollection, till the Present appears to exactly correspond with the Past. Whatever is partially like, the Imagination will gradually represent as wholly like—a law of our nature which, when it is perfectly understood, woe to the great city Babylon—to all the superstitions of Men! P. W., 1898, p. 490.

Between 54 and 57:

O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
 By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
 Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
 But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
 While every goodly or familiar form
 Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
 I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
 And I entreat your lordship to believe me, *Remorse.*

56 *om. Remorse.* 62 *my] mine Remorse.* 64 *Ord. (after a pause).*
 I know not why it should be! yet it is— *Remorse.* 65 *Abhorrent*
 from our nature, *Remorse.*

Osorio. Why that's my case: and yet 'tis still unpleasant.
At least I find it so! But you, perhaps,
Have stronger nerves?

Ferdinand. Something doth trouble you.
How can I serve you? By the life you gave me, 70
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate, 75
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness
(When ten yards off, we know, 'tis chearful moonlight)
Collects the guilt and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

Osorio. Thyself be judge.

[*OSORIO walks round the cavern—then looking round it.*]

One of our family knew this place well. 80

Ferdinand. Who? when? my lord.

Osorio. What boots it who or when?
Hang up the torch. I'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang [up] their torches in some shelf of [on some ridge in Remorse] the cavern.*]

Osorio. He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.¹

Ferdinand. What? he was mad?

Osorio. All men seem'd mad to him,

¹ Against this passage Coleridge writes in MS. II:—'Under the mask of the third person Osorio relates his own story, as in the delusion of self-justification and pride, it appeared to himself—at least as he wished it to appear to himself.' *P. W.*, 1898, p. 499.

'Osorio darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions—speaking of himself in the third person.' *MS. III.*

67-70

Ord. Why that's my case! and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?

Isid. Something troubles you.

How shall I serve you? *Remorse.*

77 yards] strides *Remorse.* 80 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 82
the] thy *Remorse.*

Between 84 and 88

Isid. (aside). He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!

I am on my guard however: no surprise [Then to *ORDONIO.*
Remorse.

Their actions noisome folly, and their talk— 86
 A goose's gabble was more musical.
 Nature had made him for some other planet,
 And press'd his soul into a human shape
 By accident or malice. In this world 90
 He found no fit companion!

Ferdinand. Ah, poor wretch!
 Madmen are mostly proud.

Osorio. He walk'd alone,
 And phantasies, unsought for, troubled him.
 Something within would still be shadowing out
 All possibilities, and with these shadows 95
 His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
 A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:
 To this in moody murmur, and low voice,
 He yielded utterance as some talk in sleep.
 The man who heard him——

Why didst thou look round? 100
Ferdinand. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
 In truth he is my darling. As I went
 From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
 But I am talking idly—pray go on!
 And what did this man?

Osorio. With his human hand 105
 He gave a being and reality
 To that wild fancy of a possible thing.
 Well it was done. [Then very wildly.

Why babblest thou of guilt?
 The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
 And he, whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen? 110

Ferdinand. I would, my lord, you were by my fireside!
 I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
 Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
 But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord!

Osorio. Where was I?

Ferdinand. He of whom you tell the tale— 115

Osorio. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn

86-7 om. *Remorse.*

91-2 *Isidore.* Of himself he speaks. [Aside.

Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men, &c., *Remorse.*

93 phantasies] phantom thoughts *Remorse.* 104 go on] proceed
Remorse. 105 his] this *Remorse.* 106 being] substance *Remorse.*
 108 Stage-direction om. *Remorse.*

Tamed himself down to living purposes,
 The occupations and the semblances
 Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd.
 But that some over-ready agent—he——

120

Ferdinand. Ah! what of him, my lord?

Osorio. He proved a villain;
 Betray'd the mystery to a brother villain;
 And they between them hatch'd a damn'd plot
 To hunt him down to infamy and death
 To share the wealth of a most noble family,
 And stain the honour of an orphan lady
 With barbarous mixture and unnatural union.
 What did the Velez? I am proud of the name,
 Since he dared do it.

125

[*OSORIO grasps his sword and turns off from FERDINAND, then, after a pause, returns.*

Osorio. Our links burn dimly.

129

Ferdinand. A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my lord!
 Tell what he did.

Osorio (fiercely). That which his wisdom prompted.
 He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
 And here he kill'd the traitor.

Ferdinand. No!—the fool.
 He had not wit enough to be a traitor.

Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
 That he, who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie
 To murder *his own brother*, would not scruple
 To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous
 And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

135

Osorio. Thou would'st not then have come, if——

Ferdinand. O yes, my lord!
 I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward!

140

[*FERDINAND throws off his robe, shews himself armed, and draws his sword.*

Osorio. Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!
 My heart was drawing back, drawing me back

120 some] same *Remorse.*

121-2 He proved a traitor,

Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor *Remorse.*

125-7 *om. Remorse.*

131 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Between 143 and 145.

With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
 Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,

With womanish pulls of pity. Dusky slave,
Now I will kill thee pleasantly, and count it 145
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Ferdinand. And all my little ones fatherless! Die thou first.

[*They fight.* OSORIO disarms FERDINAND, and in disarming him, throws his sword up that recess, opposite to which they were standing.

Ferdinand (springing wildly towards Osorio). Still I can strangle thee!

Osorio. Nay, fool! stand off.
I'll kill thee—but not so! Go fetch thy sword.

[FERDINAND hurries into the recess with his torch.
OSORIO follows him, and in a moment returns alone.

Osorio. Now—this was luck! No bloodstains, no dead body! 150
His dream, too, is made out. Now for his friend.¹ [*Exit.*

¹ Against this line Coleridge writes in MS. II:—‘Osorio has thrust Ferdinand down the chasm. I think it an important instance how Dreams and Prophecies coöperate to their own completion.’ P. IV., 1898, p. 501.

And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—

Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it *Remorse*.

Affixed to 147. Ferdinand on hearing the threat of Osorio feels a momentary horror at the consequences of his being killed, and in tones of mingled fear and sorrow—

And all my little ones fatherless!

then bursting into indignation ‘Die thou first’, MS. III.

After 147 [*They fight.* ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him; a loud cry of ‘Traitor! Monster!’ is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.

Ordonio. I have hurl'd him down the chasm! treason for treason.

He dreamt of it, henceforward let him sleep,

A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.

His dream too is made out—Now for his friend. [*Exit. ORDONIO.*

Remorse.

148-51 om. *Remorse.* 150 Now] So MS. III.

Affixed to 150. ‘Ferdinand’s death is not sufficiently explained to the Audience. There should be a struggling behind the scene, as if Osorio had taken him unawares, and was hurrying him down the Precipice. An exclamation or even groans would add still more to the interest of the scene.’ MS. III *erased.*

SCENE *changes to the court before the Castle*
of VELEZ.

MARIA and her FOSTER-MOTHER.

Maria. And when I heard that you desired to see me,
 I thought your business was to tell me of him.

Foster-Mother. I never saw the Moor, whom you describe.

Maria. 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly 155

152-234 *om. Remorse.* vide *ante* The Foster-Mother's Tale : a Dramatic
 Fragment, pp. 182-4.

Between 152 and 246 :

SCENE II

*The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle with the iron gate of
 a dungeon visible.*

Teresa. Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze
 Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.

In vain I urge the tortures that await him :
 Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
 My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
 Well, I have won from her what most imports
 The present need, this secret of the dungeon
 Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
 No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
 Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
 I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
 To act some part in some unholy fraud ;
 As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
 He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
 And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
 But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
 And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Valdez. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
 Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
 Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
 When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
 Now by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
 A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
 Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
 Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Teresa. The horror of their ghastly punishments
 Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
 That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
 If it were possible I could feel more,
 Even though the dearest inmates of our household
 Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are— *Remorse.*

155 *Maria.* 'Tis strange] *Teresa.* 'Tis said *MS. III.*

As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

Foster-Mother. Now blessings on the man, whose'er he be,
That join'd your names with mine! O my sweet lady,
As often as I think of those dear times
When you two little ones would stand at eve, 160
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you,
'Tis more like heaven to come, that what *has* been!

Maria. O my dear mother! this strange man has left me
Wilder'd with wilder fancies than yon moon 166
Breeds in the love-sick maid—who gazes at it
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye
She gazes idly! But that entrance, mother!

Foster-Mother. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

Maria. No one.

Foster-Mother. My husband's father told it me, 171
Poor old Leoni. Angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel? 175
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' cost. 180
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy.
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself. 185
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A friar who gather'd simples in the wood,
A grey-hair'd man—he loved this little boy, 190

157 *Foster-Mother*] *Selma* *Corr.* in *MS. III.*

165-6 O honor'd *Selma*! this strange man has left me

Wilder'd with stranger fancies than yon moon *Corr.* in *MS. III.*

169 She gazes idly! *Ter.* But that entrance, *Selma* *Corr.* in *MS. III.* 170
Foster-Mother] *Selma* *Corr.* in *MS. III.* 171 *Maria*] *Teresa.* *Foster-Mother*]
Selma *Corr.* in *MS. III.* 172 *Leoni*] *Sesina* *Corr.* in *MS. III.* 180 *Velez*]
Valdez *Corr.* in *MS. III.*

The boy loved him—and, when the friar taught him,
 He soon could write with the pen ; and from that time
 Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
 So he became a very learned youth.
 But O ! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read, 195
 Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,
 He had unlawful thoughts of many things.
 And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray
 With holy men, nor in a holy place.
 But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet, 200
 The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him,
 And once as by the north side of the chapel
 They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,
 The earth heav'd under them with such a groan,
 That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fall'n 205
 Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frighten'd ;
 A fever seiz'd him ; and he made confession
 Of all the heretical and lawless talk
 Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seiz'd
 And cast into that hole. My husband's father 210
 Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart.
 And once as he was working in the cellar,
 He heard a voice distinctly ; 'twas the youth's,
 Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
 How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah 215
 To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
 And wander up and down at liberty.
 He always doted on the youth, and now
 His love grew desperate ; and defying death,
 He made that cunning entrance I described: 220
 And the young man escaped.

Maria.

'Tis a sweet tale :

Such as would lull a list'ning child to sleep,
 His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.
 And what became of him ?

Foster-Mother.

He went on shipboard

With those bold voyagers, who made discovery 225
 Of golden lands ; Leoni's younger brother
 Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,
 He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,

201 Velez] Valdez *Corr. in MS. III.*
 near this dungeon *Corr. in MS. III.*
 226 Leoni's] Sesina's *Corr. in MS. III.*

212 And once as he was working
 221 Maria] Teresa *Corr. in MS. III.*
 228 Leoni] Sesina *Corr. in MS. III.*

Soon after they arrived in that new world,
 In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat, 230
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight,
 Up a great river, great as any sea,
 And ne'er was heard of more; but 'tis supposed
 He liv'd and died among the savage men.

Enter VELEZ.

Veles. Still sad, Maria? This same wizard haunts you. 235

Maria. O Christ! the tortures that hang o'er his head,
 If ye betray him to these holy brethren!

Veles (with a kind of sneer). A portly man, and eloquent,
 and tender!

In truth, I shall not wonder if you mourn
 That their rude grasp should seize on *such* a victim. 240

Maria. The horror of their ghastly punishments
 Doth so o'ertop the height of sympathy,
 That I should feel too little for mine enemy—
 Ah! far too little—if 'twere possible,
 I could feel more, even tho' my child or husband 245
 Were doom'd to suffer them! That such things are——

Veles. Hush! thoughtless woman!

Maria. Nay—it wakes within me
 More than a woman's spirit.

Veles (angrily). No more of this—
 I can endure no more.

Foster-Mother. My honour'd master!
 Lord Albert used to talk so.

Maria. Yes! my mother! 250
 These are my Albert's lessons, and I con them
 With more delight than, in my fondest hour,
 I bend me o'er his portrait.

Veles (to the Foster-Mother). My good woman,
 You may retire. [*Exit the FOSTER-MOTHER.*]

Veles. We have mourn'd for Albert.

Between 248 and 255:

What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
 I dare not listen to you.

Teresa. My honoured lord,
 These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
 I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
 As if to give a voice to the mute image.

Valdes. —We have mourned for Alvar.
 Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
 Have I no other son? *Remorse.*

Have I no living son?

Maria.

Speak not of him!

255

That low imposture—my heart sickens at it,

If it be madness, must I wed a madman?

And if not madness, there is mystery,

And guilt doth lurk behind it!

Velez.

Is this well?

Maria. Yes! it is truth. Saw you his countenance? 260

How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,

Displac'd each other with swift interchanges?

If this were all assumed, as you believe,

He must needs be a most consummate actor;

And hath so vast a power to deceive me,

265

I never could be safe. And why assume

The semblance of such execrable feelings?

Velez. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle

An old man's passion! Was it not enough

That thou hast made my son a restless man,

270

256 That low imposture! That mysterious picture! *Remorse.*
it] this *Remorse.*

257

Between 262 and 268:

O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—

I would call up before thine eyes the image

Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,

His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!

That spiritual and almost heavenly light

In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,

Virtue's own native heraldry! to man

Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.

Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread

Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,

Flash'd through by indignation, he bemoan'd

The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,

Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,

Or gaze upon enamour'd!

O my father!

Recall that morning when we knelt together,

And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,

Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,

As at that moment he rose up before thee,

Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him

Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!

Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn

From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!

To take in exchange that brooding man, who never

Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl. *Remorse.*

Banish'd his health and half-unhinged his reason,
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion,
And toil to blast his honour? I am old—
A comfortless old man! Thou shalt not stay
Beneath my roof!

[FRANCESCO enters and stands listening.

Veles. Repent and marry him— 275
Or to the convent.

Francesco (muttering). Good! good! very good!

Maria. Nay, grant me some small pittance of my fortune,
And I will live a solitary woman,
Or my poor foster-mother and her grandsons
May be my household.

Francesco (advancing). I abhor a listener; 280
But you spoke so, I could not choose but hear you.
I pray, my lord! will you embolden me
To ask you why this lady doth prefer
To live in lonely sort, without a friend
Or fit companion?

Veles. Bid her answer you. 285

Maria. Nature will be my friend and fit companion.

[Turns off from them.

274-86 (Thou shalt not stay . . . companion) *om. Remorse.*

Between 274-87:

Teresa. O grief! to hear
Hateful intreaties from a voice we love!

Enter a PEASANT and presents a letter to VALDEZ.

Valdez (reading it). 'He dares not venture hither!' Why what
can this mean?

'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why what can this be?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves. [Exit VALDEZ.

Teresa (alone). The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! &c. *Remorse.*

After 276 And all his wealth perhaps come to the Church MS III.
erased.

O Albert! Albert! that they could return,
 Those blessed days, that imitated heaven!
 When we two wont to walk at evening-tide;
 When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard 290
 The voice of that Almighty One, who lov'd us,
 In every gale that breath'd, and wave that murmur'd!
 O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
 Hath half-assumed the countenance of grief,
 And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight 295
 Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.

289 evening-tide] eventide *Remorse.* 296-334 *om. Remorse.*
After 296 [A pause.

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
 Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,
 Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
 And guides me to him with reflected light?
 What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
 Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—
 Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
 I'll free him. [Exit TERESA.

SCENE III

The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.

Alhadra. Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
 As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
 {The hanging Act V, l. 41.
 {The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
 The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
 Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
 (Strange! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wakes!
 Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
 Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
 To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
 Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
 I need the sympathy of human faces,
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
 Which quenches my revenge. O! would to Alla,
 The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
 To bring me food! or rather that my soul
 Could drink in life from the universal air!
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only being alive.

[*Vide post Osorio, Act V, ll. 39-56.*]

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
 This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!
 To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,

Francesco. But in the convent, lady, you would have
Such aids as might preserve you from perdition.
There you might dwell.

Maria. With tame and credulous faith,
Mad melancholy, antic merriment,
Leanness, disquietude, and secret pangs!
O God! it is a horrid thing to know
That each pale wretch, who sits and drops her beads
Had once a mind, which might have given her wings
Such as the angels wear!

Francesco (*stifling his rage*). Where is your son, my lord?

Velex. I have not seen him, father, since he left you.

Francesco. His lordship's generous nature hath deceiv'd h
That Ferdinand (or if not he his wife)
I have fresh evidence—are infidels.

We are not safe until they are rooted out.

Maria. Thou man, who call'st thyself the minister
Of Him whose law was love unutterable!
Why is thy soul so parch'd with cruelty,
That still thou thirstest for thy brother's blood?

Velex (*rapidly*). Father! I have long suspected it—
brain—

Heed it not, father!

Francesco. Nay—but I *must* heed it.

Maria. Thou miserable man! I fear thee not,
Nor prize a life which soon may weary me.
Bear witness, Heav'n! I neither scorn nor hate him—
But O! 'tis wearisome to mourn for evils,
Still mourn, and have no power to remedy! [*Exit MA*

Francesco. My lord! I shall presume to wait on you
To-morrow early.

Velex. Be it so, good father! [*Exit FRANC*

Velex (*alone*). I do want solace, but not such as thine!
The moon is high in heaven, and my eyes ache,
But not with sleep. Well—it is ever so.
A child, a child is born! and the fond heart
Dances! and yet the childless are most happy.

Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after a
from different parts of the stage, a considerable num
Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish a
They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and
silent till NAOMI enters. Remorse.*

[SCENE changes to the mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress, her eyes fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in their Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA. After a pause one of the Morescoes to the man who stands next to him.

First Moresco. The law which forced these Christian dresses
on us, 330

'Twere pleasant to cleave down the wretch who framed it.

Second. Yet 'tis not well to trample on it idly.

First. Our country robes are dear.

Second. And like dear friends,
May chance to prove most perilous informers.

[A third Moresco, NAOMI, advances from out the circle.

Naomi. Woman! may Alla and the prophet bless thee! 335
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin the Moorish garments?

Alhadra (lifting up [raising Remorse] her eyes, and looking
round on the circle).

Warriors of Mahomet, faithful in the battle,
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it 340
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are *spell-blasted*; and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften!

Naomi. Where is Ferdinand?

Alhadra (in a deep low voice). This night I went from forth
my house, and left 345

His children all asleep; and he was living!
And I return'd, and found them still asleep--
But he had perish'd.

All. Perished?

Alhadra. He had perish'd!

Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless, a desolate orphan! 350
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm

337 the] these *Remorse*. 342 *spell-blasted*] *spell-blasted Remorse*.
345 Stage-direction om. *Remorse*. 348 *All*] *All Morescoes. Remorse*.

Revenge his murder?

One to Another. Did she say his murder?

Naomi. Murder'd? Not murder'd?

Alhadra.

Murder'd by a Christian!

[*They all, at once, draw their sabres.*

Alhadra (to Naomi, who on being addressed again advances from the circle). Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword:

This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*

Dost thou dare receive it? 355

For I have sworn by Alla and the prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the blood of all the house of Velez!

Enter MAURICE.

All. A spy! a spy! [*They seize him.*

Maurice. Off! off! unhand me, slaves! 360

[*After much struggling he disengages himself and draws his sword.*

Naomi (to Alhadra). Speak! shall we kill him?

Maurice. Yes! ye can kill a man,

Some twenty of you! But ye are Spanish slaves!

And slaves are always cruel, always cowards.

Alhadra. That man has spoken truth. Whence and who art thou?

Maurice. I seek a dear friend, whom for aught I know 365

The son of Velez hath hired one of you

To murder! Say, do ye know aught of Albert?

Alhadra (staring). Albert?—three years ago I heard that name

Murmur'd in sleep! High-minded foreigner!

Mix thy revenge with mine, and stand among us. 370

[*MAURICE stands among the Morescoes.*

Alhadra. Was not Osorio my husband's friend?

Old Man. He kill'd my son in battle; yet our chieftain
Forced me to sheathe my dagger. See—the point

Is bright, unruddied with the villain's blood!

Alhadra. He is your chieftain's murderer!

352 *One to Another*] *One Morescoe (to another), Remorse.* 353 Murder?
Not murder'd? *Remorse.* After 353 [Stage-direction] *Alhadra (to Naomi,*
who advances from the circle), Remorse. 359 house] sons *MS. III.* Wet
with the life-blood of the son of Valdez *Remorse.* After 359 *Enter Warville.*
MS. III. [A pause. Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer *Remorse.*
360-70 *Erased MS. III.* 360-75 *om. Remorse.* 373-80 *Erased MS. III.*

Naomi.

He dies by Alla!

All (dropping on one knee).

By Alla! 375

Alhadra. This night a reeking slave came with loud pant,
Gave Ferdinand a letter, and departed,
Swift as he came. Pale, with unquiet looks,
He read the scroll.

Maurice.

Its purport?

Alhadra.

Yes, I ask'd it.

He answer'd me, 'Alhadra! thou art worthy 380
A nobler secret; but I have been faithful
To this bad man, and faithful I will be.'
He said, and arm'd himself, and lit a torch;
Then kiss'd his children, each one on its pillow,
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him 385
At distance, till I saw him enter *there*.

Naomi. The cavern?

Alhadra.

Yes—the mouth of yonder cavern.

After a pause I saw the son of Velez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise enter'd—
There was another and a longer pause— 390
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords,
And soon the son of Velez reappear'd.
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband! 395

Maurice. Thou call'd'st him?

Alhadra.

I crept into the cavern:

375 Stage-direction *All (kneeling). Remorse.*
night your chieftain armed himself *Remorse.*
S. T. C.'s handwriting) and erased:

After 375 Alhadra. This
affixed to 375 (not in

Naomi.

Proceed, proceed, Alhadra.

Alhadra.

Yestermorning

He stood before our house, startful and gloomy,
And stirr'd up fierce dispute with Ferdinand,
I saw him when the vehement Gripe of Conscience
Had wrenched his features to a visible agony.
When he was gone Ferdinand sighed out 'Villain'
And spake no other word.

Warville (mournfully).

The brother of Albert. *MS. III erased.*

[*Note.*—Warville was a character introduced into the deleted passage
360-70, the name being always altered by S. T. C. to 'Maurice'.]

376-84 *om. Remorse.* 384 its] their *Corr. in MS. III.* 386 *there*] there
Remorse. 388 a pause] a while *Remorse.*

'Twas dark and very silent.

[*Then wildly.*

What said'st thou?

No, no! I did not dare call, Ferdinand!
 Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,
 Belike, I lost all thought and memory 400
 Of that for which I came! After that pause,
 O God! I heard a groan!—and follow'd it.
 And yet another groan—which guided me
 Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
 A *hideous* light! his torch lay on the ground— 405
 Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
 I spake—and while I spake, a feeble groan
 Came from that chasm! It was his last! his death groan!

Maurice. Comfort her, comfort her, Almighty Father!

Alhadra. I stood in unimaginable trance 410
 And agony, that cannot be remember'd,
 Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
 But I had heard his last—my husband's death-groan!

Naomi. Haste! let us go!

Alhadra. I look'd far down the pit.
 My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment, 415
 And it was stain'd with blood! Then first I shriek'd!
 My eyeballs burnt! my brain grew hot as fire!
 And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
 Turn'd into blood. I saw them turn to blood!
 And I was leaping wildly down the chasm 420
 When on the further brink I saw his sword,
 And it said, Vengeance! Curses on my tongue!
 The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
 And he hath not had vengeance! Ferdinand!
 Spirit of Ferdinand! thy murderer lives! 425
 Away! away! [*She rushes off, all following.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

397 Stage-direction om. *Remorse.* 399 A brief while] A little while
 Corr. in MS. III erased. 402 God] Heaven *Remorse.* 404 *light*] light
Remorse. 405 *hideous*] hideous *Remorse.* 407 while] whilst *Remorse.*
 409 Erased MS. III. *Naomi.* Comfort her, Alla! *Remorse.* 414 go]
 onward *Remorse.* 421 his] the MS. III. After 425 *Al.* Away! away!
 [*She rushes off, all following her.* *Remorse.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Sea Shore.*

NAOMI and a Moresco.

Moresco. This was no time for freaks of useless vengeance.

Naomi. True! but Francesco, the Inquisitor,
 Thou know'st the bloodhound—'twas a strong temptation.
 And when they pass'd within a mile of his house,
 We could not curb them in. They swore by Mahomet, 5
 It were a deed of treachery to their brethren
 To sail from Spain and leave that man alive.

Moresco. Where is Alhadra?

Naomi. She moved steadily on
 Unswerving from the path of her resolve.
 Yet each strange object fix'd her eye: for grief 10
 Doth love to dally with fantastic shapes,
 And smiling, like a sickly moralist,
 Gives some resemblance of her own concerns
 To the straws of chance, and things inanimate.
 I seek her here; stand thou upon the watch. 15

[*Exit Moresco.*

Naomi (looking wistfully to the distance). Stretch'd on the
 rock! It must be she—Alhadra!

[*ALHADRA rises from the rock, and advances slowly,
 as if musing.*

Naomi. Once more, well met! what ponder'st thou so deeply?

Alhadra. I scarce can tell thee! For my many thoughts
 Troubled me, till with blank and naked mind
 I only listen'd to the dashing billows. 20
 It seems to me, I could have closed my eyes
 And wak'd without a dream of what has pass'd;
 So well it counterfeited quietness,
 This wearied heart of mine!

Naomi. 'Tis thus by nature
 Wisely ordain'd, that so excess of sorrow 25
 Might bring its own cure with it.

Alhadra. Would to Heaven

That it had brought its last and certain cure!
That ruin in the wood.

Naomi. It is a place
Of ominous fame; but 'twas the shortest road,
Nor could we else have kept clear of the village. 30
Yet some among us, as they scal'd the wall,
Mutter'd old rhyming prayers.

Alhadra. On that broad wall
I saw a skull; a poppy grew beside it,
There was a ghastly solace in the sight!
Naomi. I mark'd it not, and in good truth the night-bird 35
Curdled my blood, even till it prick'd the heart.
Its note comes dreariest in the fall of the year:

[*Looking round impatiently.*
Why don't they come? I will go forth and meet them.

[*Exit NAOMI.*

Alhadra (alone). The hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn
seem'd
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold, 40
The hanging woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lay in the silent moonshine; and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch owl only wak'd,
Sole voice, sole eye of all that world of beauty! 45
Why such a thing am I! Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces
To beat away this deep contempt for all things
Which quenches my revenge. Oh!—would to Alla
The raven and the sea-mew were appointed 50
To bring me food, or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff,
Along some ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course, 55
And think myself the only being alive! [*NAOMI re-enters.*

Naomi. Thy children——

Alhadra. Children? Whose children? [*A pause—then fiercely.*
Son of Velez,

39 The hanging] Yon pendent *Corr. in MS. III.* 41 hanging]
{ pendent
{ flowerlike *Corr. in MS. III.* 45 that] this *Corr. in MS. III.*
Added to 57] Naomi, the second in command to Isidore, enters in haste. MS. III
ceased.

This hath new-strung my arm! Thou coward tyrant,
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish, 60
Till she forgot even that she was a mother!

[*A noise—enter a part of the Morescoes; and
from the opposite side of the stage a Moorish
Seaman.*

Moorish Seaman. The boat is on the shore, the vessel waits.
Your wives and children are already stow'd;
I left them prattling of the Barbary coast,
Of Mosks, and minarets, and golden crescents. 65
Each had her separate dream; but all were gay,
Dancing, in thought, to finger-beaten timbrels!

[*Enter MAURICE and the rest of the Morescoes
dragging in FRANCESCO.*

Francesco. O spare me, spare me! only spare my life!

An Old Man. All hail, Alhadra! O that thou hadst heard
him

When first we dragg'd him forth! [*Then turning to the band.*
Here! in her presence— 70

[*He advances with his sword as about to kill him.*

*MAURICE leaps in and stands with his drawn
sword between FRANCESCO and the Morescoes.*

Maurice. Nay, but ye shall not!

Old Man. Shall not? Hah? Shall not?

Maurice. What, an unarm'd man?

A man that never wore a sword? A priest?

It is unsoldierly! I say, ye shall not!

Old Man (turning to the bands). He bears himself most like
an insolent Spaniard! 75

Maurice. And ye like slaves, that have destroy'd their master,
But know not yet what freedom means; how holy
And just a thing it is! He's a fall'n foe!
Come, come, forgive him!

All. No, by Mahomet!

Francesco. O mercy, mercy! talk to them of mercy! 80

Old Man. Mercy to thee! No, no, by Mahomet!

Maurice. Nay, Mahomet taught mercy and forgiveness.

I am sure he did!

Old Man. Ha! Ha! Forgiveness! Mercy!

Maurice. If he did not, he needs it for himself!

Alhadra. Blaspheming fool! the law of Mahomet 85
Was given by him, who framed the soul of man.
This the best proof—it fits the soul of man!

Ambition, glory, thirst of enterprize,
The deep and stubborn purpose of revenge,
With all the boiling revelries of pleasure— 90
These grow in the heart, yea, intertwine their roots
With its minutest fibres! And that Being
Who made us, laughs to scorn the lying faith,
Whose puny precepts, like a wall of sand,
Would stem the full tide of predestined Nature! 95

Naomi (who turns toward Francesco with his sword). Speak!

All (to Alhadra). Speak!

Alhadra. Is the murderer of your chieftain dead?
Now as God liveth, who hath suffer'd him
To make my children orphans, none shall die
Till I have seen his blood!

Off with him to the vessel!

[*A part of the Morescoes hurry him off.*

Alhadra. The Tyger, that with unquench'd cruelty, 100
Still thirsts for blood, leaps on the hunter's spear
With prodigal courage. 'Tis not so with man.

Maurice. It is not so, remember that, my friends!
Cowards are cruel, and the cruel cowards.

Alhadra. Scatter yourselves, take each a separate way, 105
And move in silence to the house of Velez. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—A Dungeon.

ALBERT (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.

Albert. And this place my forefathers made for men!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty? 110
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt till changed to poison, 115

They break out on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
 Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—
 And this is their best cure! uncomforted
 And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
 And savage faces at the clanking hour 120
 Seen thro' the steaming vapours of his dungeon
 By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
 Circled with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
 By sights of ever more deformity! 125
 With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
 Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters, 130
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
 But bursting into tears wins back his way,
 His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd 135
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

*[A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and
 OSORIO enters with a goblet in his hand.]*

121 steaming] steam and *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.* 125 ever more]
 evermore *Remorse.*

After 136 I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,

*In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
 But the self-approving mind is its own light,
 And Life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
 Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.*

Enter TERESA.

[Retires out of sight.]

Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.

Stage-direction affixed to 136 and 136-9 erased in MS. III: om. Remorse.

Between 136 and 137:

I am chill and weary, &c. . . honest purpose.

Enter TERESA with a taper.

*Teresa. It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me;
 Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
 The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
 Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
 I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
 Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here— *[Looking round.]*
 O for one human face here—but to see
 One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
 It is but my own fear! The life within me,*

Osorio. Hail, potent wizard! In my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto;

It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?

[*Faintly screams as ALVAR emerges from the recess.*

Alvar (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling*). O gracious
heaven! it is, it is Teresa!

Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And joy complete what terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!

Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

Teresa (*recovering*). I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

Alvar. Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

Teresa. Ha! Who art thou?

Alvar. Suborned by his brother—

Teresa. Didst thou murder him?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

Alvar. Ordonio—he—

Teresa. If thou didst murder him—

His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

Alvar. Alvar was not murdered.

Be calm! be calm, sweet maid!

Teresa. Nay, nay, but tell me!

O 'tis lost again!

[*A pause.*

This dull confused pain—

[*A pause.*

Mysterious man!

Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

Alvar. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—

Teresa. Ha! speak on!

Alvar. Beloved Teresa!

And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought of thee!

Albert (in a low voice). I have not summon'd up my heart to give 140

That pang, which I must give thee, son of Velez!

Osorio (with affected levity). Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,

Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not!

Why should I hate thee? This same world of ours—

It is a puddle in a storm of rain, 145

And we the air-bladders, that course up and down,

And joust and tilt in merry tournament,

And when one bubble runs foul of another,

[*Waving his hand at ALBERT.*]

The lesser must needs break!

Albert. I see thy heart!

There is a frightful glitter in thine eye, 150

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait

Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!

Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

Teresa (receiving the portrait). The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?

Nay, I will call thee, Alvar! [*She falls on his neck.*]

Alvar. O joy unutterable!

But hark! a sound as of removing bars

At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while

Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.

For the honour of our race, for our dear father;

O for himself too (he is still my brother)

Let me recall him to his nobler nature,

That he may wake as from a dream of murder!

O let me reconcile him to himself,

Open the sacred source of penitent tears,

And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

Teresa. O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.

Alvar. Thou dost not leave me!

But a brief while retire into the darkness:

O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!

Teresa. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!

Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?

Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*]

[*A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and ORDONIO enters, with a goblet in his hand. Remorse.*]

139 of] on *Remorse.* 140-1 and stage-direction before 142 om. *Remorse.*

145 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain *Remorse.* 148 Stage-direction om. *Remorse.* 149 lesser must needs] weaker needs must *Remorse.*

Which doth betray thee. Crazy-conscienc'd man,
This is the gaiety of drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling!

Osorio.

Feeling! feeling!

The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble. 155

'Tis true, I cannot sob for such misfortunes!

But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me

If willingly I e'er inflicted them!

Come, share the beverage—this chill place demands it.

Friendship and wine! [*Osorio proffers him the goblet.*

Albert.

Yon insect on the wall, 160

Which moves this way and that its hundred legs,

Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,

It were an infinitely curious thing!

But it has life, *Osorio*! life and thought;

And by the power of its miraculous will 165

Wields all the complex movements of its frame

Unerringly, to pleasurable ends!

Saw I that insect on this goblet's brink,

I would remove it with an eager terror.

Osorio. What meanest thou?

Albert.

There's poison in the wine. 170

Osorio. Thou hast guess'd well. There's poison in the wine.

Shall we throw dice, which of us two shall drink it?

For one of us must die!

Albert.

Whom dost thou think me?

Osorio. The accomplice and sworn friend of Ferdinand.

Albert. Ferdinand! Ferdinand! 'tis a name I know not. 175

Osorio. Good! good! that lie! by Heaven! it has restor'd me.

151-2

Inly-tortured man,

This is the revelry of a drunken anguish *Remorse.*

Before 160 [*Osorio proffers the goblet. Remorse.* 160 Friendship and wine on. *Remorse.* 161 legs] limbs *Remorse.* 164 life and thought] life, enjoyment *Remorse.* 168 brink] brim *Remorse.* 169 I would remove it with an anxious pity *Remorse.*

171-2 Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.

There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it? *Remorse.*

Between 174 and 176: *Alar.*

I know him not.

And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.

Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?

Isidore? Isidore? *Remorse.*

175 om. *Remorse.*

Now I am thy master! Villain, thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

Albert. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

[*ALBERT takes the goblet, and with a sigh throws it
on the ground.*

My master! 180

Osorio. Thou mountebank!

Albert. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak—and fear and wonder crush thy rage, 185
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villainy,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them! 190
What have they done for thee? Have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant, when thou wakest at midnight?
Art happy when alone? can'st walk by thyself
With even step, and quiet cheerfulness? 195
Yet, yet thou mayst be saved.

Osorio (stupidly reiterating the word). Saved? saved?

Albert. One pang—

Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

Osorio. He told me of the babe, that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! Remorse! remorse!
Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse! 200
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body—mangled, dash'd to atoms!
Not all the blessings of an host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse;
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement, 205
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear.

Albert (almost overcome by his feelings). But Albert—

Osorio. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,

180 Stage-direction [*ALVAR takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.*
Remorse. My] *My Remorse.* 196 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 198
babe] *babes Remorse.* 207 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Even thee! and yet, I pray thee, speak it out.
 Still Albert! Albert! Howl it in mine ear!
 Heap it, like coals of fire, upon my heart! 210
 And shoot it hissing through my brain!

Albert.

Alas—

That day, when thou didst leap from off the rock
 Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
 And bore him to the strand, then, son of Velez!
 How sweet and musical the name of Albert! 215
 Then, then, Osorio! he was dear to thee,
 And thou wert dear to him. Heaven only knows
 How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him?
 O Heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
 And weep forgiveness!

Osorio.

Spirit of the dead!

220

Methinks I know thee! Ha!—my brain turns wild
 At its own dreams—off—off, fantastic shadow!

Albert (seizing his hand). I fain would tell thee what I am,
 but dare not!

Osorio (retiring from him). Cheat, villain, traitor! whatsoe'er
 thou be

I fear thee, man!

[He starts, and stands in the attitude of listening.

And is this too my madness? 225

Albert. It is the step of one that treads in fear
 Seeking to cheat the echo.

Osorio.

It approaches—

This nook shall hide me.

[MARIA enters from a plank which slips to and fro.

Maria.

I have put aside

The customs and the terrors of a woman,
 To work out thy escape. Stranger! begone, 230
 And only tell me what thou know'st of Albert.

*[ALBERT takes her portrait from his neck, and gives
 it her with unutterable tenderness.*

223 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

224 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

225-35 *om. Remorse.*

Between 225 and 235

Teresa (rushing out and falling on ALVAR'S neck).

Ordonio! 'tis thy brother!

*[ORDONIO runs upon ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings herself
 on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman, stop! Remorse.

Albert. Maria! my Maria!

Maria. Do not mock me.
This is my face—and thou—ha! who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee Albert!

[*She falls upon his neck. OSORIO leaps out from the nook with frantic wildness, and rushes towards ALBERT with his sword. MARIA gazes at him, as one helpless with terror, then leaves ALBERT, and flings herself upon OSORIO, arresting his arm.*

Maria. Madman, stop!

Albert (with majesty and tenderness). Does then this thin
disguise impenetrably 235
Hide Albert from thee? Toil and painful wounds,
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trace and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother!
My anguish for thy guilt. Spotless Maria, 240
I thought thee guilty too! Osorio, brother!
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me!

Osorio (drawing back and gazing at Albert with a countenance expressive at once of awe and terror). Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Albert!—I will die!

[*He attempts to fall on his sword. ALBERT and MARIA struggle with him.*

Albert. We will invent some tale to save your honour.
Live, live, Osorio!

Maria. You may yet be happy. 245
Osorio (looking at Maria). O horror! Not a thousand years
in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy.
Live! live!—why yes! 'Twere well to live with you—

235 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 238 trace] trial *corr. in MS. III; trait Remorse.* 240-41 Spotless... guilty too *om. Remorse.* 242 shall] shalt *Remorse.* After 242 stage-direction (*Drawing back and gazing at Alvar*) *Remorse.*

Between 243 and 245

Alvar. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!

Teresa. And you may yet be happy

Ordonio. O horror, &c. *Remorse.*

After 243 struggle with] prevent *Remorse.*

For is it fit a villain should be proud? 250
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!

[*Throws himself at ALBERT's feet.*

Forgive me, Albert!—Curse me with forgiveness!

Albert. Call back thy soul, my brother! and look round thee.
Now is the time for greatness. Think that Heaven—

Maria. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say. 255

Osorio (*pointing at vacancy*). Yes, mark his eye! there's
fascination in it.

Thou said'st thou didst not know him. That is he!
He comes upon me!

Albert (*lifting his eye to heaven*). Heal, O heal him, Heaven!

Osorio. Nearer and nearer! And I cannot stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me? 260
He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—
A husband and a father!

Maria. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirit!

Osorio (*fiercely recollecting himself*). Let the eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world.
I will not bear to live—to live! O agony! 265
And be myself alone, my own sore torment!

[*The doors of the dungeon are burst open with
a crash. ALHADRA, MAURICE, and the band
of Morescoes enter.*

Alhadra (*pointing at Osorio*). Seize first that man!

[*The Moors press round.*

Albert (*rushing in among them*). Draw thy sword, Maurice, and
defend my brother.

[*A scuffle, during which they disarm MAURICE.*

Osorio. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it. 270
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes!

After 251 [*Throws himself, &c.*] Kneeling Remorse. 252 Curse] Curse
Remorse. 253 my brother] Ordonio Remorse. 256 Stage-direction
om. Remorse. 258 Stage-direction om. Remorse. 263 Stage-direction om.
Remorse.

After 266

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush
ALHADRA, and the band of Morescoes.*

Alh. Seize first that man!

[*ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.*

Ord. Off, &c. Remorse.

Alhadra. My husband—

Osorio. Yes! I murder'd him most foully.

Albert (throws himself on the earth). O horrible!

Alhadra. Why didst thou leave his children? 275

Demon! thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell

To lap *their* blood. Then, then, I might have harden'd

My soul in misery, and have had comfort.

I would have stood far off, quiet tho' dark,

And bade the race of men raise up a mourning 280

For the deep horror of a desolation

Too great to be one soul's particular lot!

Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[*Struggling to suppress her anguish.*]

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish—

I have not seen his blood. Within an hour 285

Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,

Where is our father? [*Looks at OSORIO.*]

I shall curse thee then!

Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!

Maria. See—see! he doth repent. I kneel to thee.

Be merciful!

[*MARIA kneels to her. ALHADRA regards her face wistfully.*]

Alhadra. Thou art young and innocent; 290

'Twere merciful to kill thee! Yet I will not.

And for thy sake none of this house shall perish,

274 *Alvar and Teresa.* O horrible Remorse. 277 *their*] their Remorse.

283 *Stage-direction om. Remorse.* 287 *Stage-direction om. Remorse.*

Between 288 and 304 :

Teresa. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!

O let him live! That aged man, his father—

Alhadra. Why had he such a son?

[*Shouts from the distance of, Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar!*
and the voice of VALDEZ heard.

Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—

The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.*]

Now take my Life!

Ordonio (staggering from the wound). Atonement!

Alvar (while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO). Arm of avenging Heaven

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—

But go! my word was pledged to thee.

Ordonio.

Away!

Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[*Then turning his eyes languidly to ALVAR.*]

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!

I stood in silence like a slave before her Remorse.

290-303 *om. Remorse.*

Save only he.

Maria. That aged man, his father!

Alhadra (sternly). Why had he such a son?

[*The Moors press on.*

Maria (still kneeling, and wild with affright). Yet spare his life!
They must not murder him!

Alhadra. And is it then 295

An enviable lot to waste away

With inward wounds, and like the spirit of chaos

To wander on disquietly thro' the earth,

Cursing all lovely things? to let him live—

It were a deep revenge!

*All the band cry out—*No mercy! no mercy! 300

[*NAOMI advances with the sword towards OSORIO.*

Alhadra. Nay, bear him forth! Why should this innocent
maid

Behold the ugliness of death?

Osorio (with great majesty). O woman!

I have stood silent like a slave¹ before thee,

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing spirit 305

With bitterer agonies than death can give.

[*The Moors gather round him in a crowd, and pass
off the stage.*

Alhadra. I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point

In misery which makes the oppressed man

Regardless of his own life, makes him too 310

Lord of the oppressor's! Knew I an hundred men

Despairing, but not palsied by despair,

This arm should shake the kingdoms of this world;

¹ In *MS. II* 'worm' has the place of 'slave', which is the word in
MS. I.

*Affixed to 300 ALHADRA snatches it from him and suddenly stabs ORDONIO.
ALVAR rushes towards him through the Moors, and catches him in his arms, &c.
MS. III.*

303-4 'Tis well! thou hast avenged thyself

I have stood in silence like a slave before thee *Corr. in MS. III.*

305 spirit] heart *Remorse.*

After 306

Forgive me, Alvar! O couldst thou forgive thyself: *Corr. in MS. III.*

Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh!—couldst thou forget me! [*Diss.*

[*ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of ORDONIO.*

Alh. (to the Moors). I thank thee, Heaven! &c. *Remorse.*

The deep foundations of iniquity
 Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them; 315
 The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,
 Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;
 Till desolation seem'd a beautiful thing,
 And all that were and had the spirit of life
 Sang a new song to him who had gone forth 320
 Conquering and still to conquer!

THE END¹

¹ On a blank page of *MS. III* some one, probably Bowles, has written :—
 'Upon the whole a very masterly production, and with judicious con-
 tractments might be rendered an interesting Drama on the stage.'

Shouts of Alvar! Alvar! Noises heard; a Moor rushes in.

Moor. We are surprised, away! away! the instant—
 The country is in arms. The old man heads them
 And still cries out, 'My son! My son is living'
 Haste to the shore! They come the opposite road.

ALHADRA (to ALVAR).

Thou then art Alvar! to my aid and safety
 Thy word stands pledged. *Alvar.* Arm of avenging Heaven!
 My word stands pledged nor shall it be retracted.

*(The Moors surround ALHADRA and force her off. The stage fills
 with armed peasants. ALI and VALDEZ at their head.
 VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR's arms and the Curtain drops.
 [Alternative ending in S. T. C.'s handwriting affixed to
 lines 307-21, MS. III.]*

320 him] her *Remorse*.

After 321 [*ALHADRA hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed
 Peasants and Servants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at their
 head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR's arms.*

Alvar. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
 Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
 Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[both kneel to VALDEZ.

Valdez. My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

Teresa. Me too, my Father?

Valdez. Bless, Oh, bless my children! *[both rise,*

Alvar. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
 Were ominous. In these strange dread events
 Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
 That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
 Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
 If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
 At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
 Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
 Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
 And while she scares us, goads us to our fate. *Remorse.*

THE PICCOLOMINI¹

OR, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN

A DRAMA

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years'*

¹ First published in a single octavo volume, 1800: included in 1828, 1829, 1834, and in *Dramatic Works* (one vol. 8vo) 1852. The *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein* were translated from MS. copies which had been acquired by the Messrs. Longman. The MS. copy of the original of the *Death of Wallenstein* is in the possession of Mrs. Alexander Gillman. The MS. of the copy of the original of the *Piccolomini* was at one time in the possession of Mr. Henry R. Mark of 17 Highbury Crescent. A note in Schiller's handwriting, dated 'Jena, 30. September 1799', attesting the genuineness of the copies, is attached to either play. The MS. copy of *Wallenstein's Camp* ('Wallenstein's Lager'), which Coleridge did not attempt to translate, is not forthcoming. See two articles by Ferdinand Freiligrath, published in the *Athenaeum*, July 15 and August 31, 1861. See, too, *Die Wallensteinübersetzung von Samuel T. Coleridge und ihr Deutsches Original . . . vorgelegt von Hans Roscher*. Borna-Leipzig, 1905. A copy of the translation which Macready marked for acting is in the Forster Library, which forms part of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. See note by J. Dykes Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 640. An annotated copy (in Coleridge's handwriting) of the translation of the *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein*, presented by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, is in the Library of Rugby School [*MS. R.*]. The MS. contents of this volume are now published for the first time. Coleridge began his translation of the two plays at No. 21 Buckingham Street, Strand, in December, 1799, and finished the 'last sheet' at Town End, Grasmere, April 20, 1800.

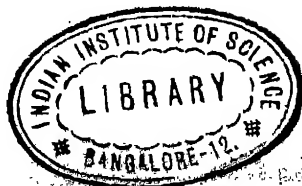
'These dramas have two grievous faults: they are prolix in the particular parts and slow in the general movement. But they have passion, distinct and diversified character, and they abound in passages of great moral and poetic beauty.' S. T. COLERIDGE.

'The defects of these dramas are all of an instructive character; for tho' not the products of genius, like those of Shakspeare, they result from an energetic and thinking mind. (1) The speeches are seldom suited to characters—the characters are truly diversified and distinctly conceived—but we learn them from the actions and from the descriptions given by other characters, or from particular speeches. The brutal Illo repeatedly talks language which belongs to the Countess, &c. (2) Astrology (an undramatic superstition because it inspires no terror, and its founda-

War diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author literally wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom ; but I am conscious that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original ; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambus ; of which liberty, so frequent in our tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

tion of imagination is overbuilt and concealed by its scientific superstructure, with other cause from the imagery, is thus unpopular or swallowed up in more general and pleasing associations, as the Sun and Moon) Astrology is made prophetic, and yet treated ludicrously : the author as philosopher is in compleat discord with himself as Historian. This is a most grievous fault. (8) The assassins talk ludicrously. This is a most egregious misimitation of Shakespere—Schiller should not have attempted tragicocomedy, and none but Shakespere has succeeded. It is wonderful, however, that Schiller, who had studied Shakespere, should not have perceived his divine judgment in the management of his assassins, as in *Macbeth*. They are fearful and almost pitiable Beings—not loathsome, ludicrous miscreants. (4) The character of Thekla = 0, the bold Heroine of any novel. Nothing of the Convent, no superstition, nothing of the Daughter of Wallenstein, nothing that her past life is represented by. (5) Wallenstein is a finer psychological than dramatic, and a more dramatic than a tragic character. Shakespere draws *strength* as in *Richard the Third*, and even when he blends weakness as in *Macbeth*—yet it is weakness of a specific kind that leaves the strength in full and fearful energy—but Schiller has drawn weakness imposing on itself the love of power for the sense of strength (a fine conception in itself, but not tragic—at least for the principal character of a long drama).—Hence Wallenstein, with one exception (that of the Regimental Deputation to him in the Second Part) evaporates in mock-mysterious speeches. These are the chief defects, I think. On the other hand, the character of Butler is admirable throughout. Octavio is very grand, and Max, tho' it may be an easy character to draw, for a man of thought and lofty feeling—for a man who possesses all the *analogia* of genius, is yet so delightful, and its moral influence so grand and salutary, that we must allow it great praise. The childish love-toying with the glove and Aunt Tertsky in the first act should be omitted. Certain whole scenes are masterly, and far above anything since the dramatists of Eliz. & James the first. *Note on fly-leaf of annotated copy (MS. R.).*



THE PICCOLOMINI¹

ACT I

SCENE I

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.

ILLO with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO. Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance, Count Isolani, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI. Add this too, that we come not empty-handed. At Donsauwert² it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way 5
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,

¹ In 1800 the following table of *Dramatis Personae* was prefixed to Act I of *The Piccolomini*, or *The First Part of Wallenstein*. In 1828, 1829, and 1834 this table was omitted.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in The Thirty-years' War.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.

MAX PICCOLOMINI, his son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

COUNT TERTSKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

ISOLANI, General of the Croats.

BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.

TIEFENBACH,	} Generals under Wallenstein.
DON MARADAS,	
GOETZ,	
KOLATTO,	

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.

The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, Imperial Envoy.

GENERAL WRANGEL, Swedish Envoy.

BAPTISTA SENI, Astrologer.

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.

The COUNTESS TERTSKY, Sister of the Duchess.

A CORNET.

Several COLONELS and GENERALS.

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and HOBBIETS belonging to Tertsky.

The MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Tertsky.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

² A town about 12 German miles NE. of Ulm.

¹ are 1800.

Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—
We bring it hither—

Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here. 10

Butler. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

Isolani. Ay!
The very churches are all full of soldiers.
And in the Council-house, too, I observe,
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can. 15

Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father—
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting 20
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

Butler. Expect not Galas.

Illo. How so? Do you know—

Isolani. Max Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him. 25
I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril, 30
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts 35
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess¹
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

Butler. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

Isolani. Hm!
So much the better! I had framed my mind 40

¹ The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses. 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 12 [Casts his eye round. 1817, 1828, 1829.
so? 1817, 1828, 1829. you 1800, 1828, 1829.

24 *Illo* (hesitating). How
Before 25 *Isolani* (interrupting him). 1817, 1828, 1829.

To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

45

Illo (aside to Butler). And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

Butler. Because
He importuned me to remain behind.

Illo. And you?—You hold out firmly?

Noble Butler!

Butler. After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me—

50

Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—Major-General,
I wish you joy!

Isolani. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

55

60

Butler. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

65

Isolani. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in
that post

Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would all of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

70

Isolani (to Illo). My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?

Will be himself my banker for the future,

75

45 *Illo (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side).* And how, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829. 48 *ms* 1800, 1828, 1829. 49 *Illo (with warmth).* And you?—You hold out firmly? [*Grasping his hand with affection.* 1817, 1828, 1829. 70 *all* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Make me once more a creditable man!—
 And this is now the third time, think of that!
 This kingly-minded man has rescued me
 From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes! 80
 Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
 But at Vienna, brother! here's the grievance!—
 What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
 His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
 Then these new dainty requisitions! these, 85
 Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

Butler.

Ay,

These requisitions of the Emperor,—
 I too have heard about them; but I hope
 The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

Illo. Not from his right most surely, unless first 90
 —From office!

Butler. Know you aught then? You alarm me.

Isolani (at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice).

We should be ruined, every one of us!

Illo.

No more!

Yonder I see our worthy friend¹ approaching
 With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

Butler. I fear we shall not go hence as we came. 95

SCENE II

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

Octavio. Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
 Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
 Which held at once so many heads of heroes.
 Welcome, Count Isolani!

Isolani. My noble brother,
 Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty— 5

Octavio. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
 Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
 Whose worth and services I know and honour.
 See, see, my friend!

¹ Spoken with a sneer. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 91 Butler (shocked and confused). 1817, 1828, 1829. aught 1800, 1828,
 1829. 93 our worthy friend 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 95 Butler (shaking his
 head significantly). 1817, 1828, 1829. Scene II, Before 1 Octavio (still in the
 distance). 1817, 1828, 1829. After 4 [Approaching nearer. 1817, 1828, 1829.

There might we place at once before our eyes 10
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI at the same time to him.

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

Questenberg (to Octavio). And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!

Octavio (presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani). The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,

The bearer of the Emperor's behests, 15

The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,

We honour in this noble visitor.

Illo. 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shewn our camp this honour.

Questenberg. Once before
I stood before these colours. 20

Illo. Perchance too you remember where that was.

It was at Znäim¹ in Moravia, where

You did present yourself upon the part

Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke

That he would straight assume the chief command. 25

Questenberg. To supplicate? Nay, noble General!

So far extended neither my commission

(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

Illo. Well, well, then—to compel him, if you choose.

I can remember me right well, Count Tilly 30

Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.

Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,

Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing

Onwards into the very heart of Austria.

At that time you and Werdenberg appeared 35

Before our General, storming him with prayers,

And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,

Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

Isolani. Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day 40

¹ A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

17 We honour in this noble visitor.

[Universal silence.

Illo (moving towards Questenberg). 'Tis not, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

21 where 1800, 1828, 1829. 26 supplicate 1800, 1828, 1829. 30 compel 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 39 Isolani (steps up to them). 1817, 1828, 1829.

You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

Questenberg. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time 45
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon, 50
To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

Questenberg. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe. 55

Illo. What? 'Twas a favourable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

Questenberg. Nay,
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—
Isolani. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers. 60

Questenberg. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

Isolani. Poh! We are all his subjects.

Questenberg. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it. 65
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.

Isolani. Sure!
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see

[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of*
QUESTENBERG.

Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

Questenberg. Thank Heaven! that means have been found
out to hide 70

Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

Illo. There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies, 75
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests

Save in the general calamity—

Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these, 80
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

Butler. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they 85
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!

Isolani. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment, 90
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour 95
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom 100
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna. 105

Questenberg. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their
way to us:

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege. 110
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith, we should wait long.—

'Dash! and through with it!'—That's the better watch-
word. 115

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature

80 *these* 1800.
1828, 1829.

81 *these* 1800.

87 *pare* 1800.

99 *me* 1800,

100 *This was, &c.* 1800.

To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed 'what shall I do?'
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Questenberg. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke does spare
us 120

The troublesome task of choosing.

Butler. Yes, the Duke

Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

Questenberg. His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another. 125

Isolani. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

Questenberg. Count, this comparison you make, not I.

Butler. Why, were we all the Court supposes us, 130
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

Questenberg. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

Octavio. My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing 135

That you are now in camp, and among warriors.

The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.

Could he act daringly, unless he dared

Talk even so? One runs into the other.

The boldness of this worthy officer, [*pointing to BUTLER.* 140

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,

Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,

To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,

In a most formidable mutiny

Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.* 145

Hah! here they come!

Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

Octavio. Then my son Max too has returned. 'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Carnthen hither. 150

Isolani (to Illo). Shall we not go in company to greet
them?

120 does 1800, 1828, 1829. 124 His 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 129 Questenberg
(with a sneer). 1817, 1828, 1829. 134 Octavio (interposing and addressing
Questenberg). 1817, 1828, 1829. 138 act 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 149 Octavio
(to Questenberg). 1817, 1828, 1829. 149 Max 1800.

Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[*To OCTAVIO.*

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[*Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.*

SCENE III

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

Questenberg. What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal—

Octavio.

Hm!

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

Questenberg. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That *Illo* 6
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

Octavio. Quickness of temper—irritated pride; 10
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

Questenberg. Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There 15
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the War-Chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing. 20
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

Octavio.

Now you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is, 25
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

Scene III, Before 1 *Questenberg* (with signs of aversion and astonishment). 1817,
1828, 1829. 13 *him* 1800, 1828, 1829. *Questenberg* (walking up and down
in evident disgust). Friend, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Questenberg. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted 30

This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he can do't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance— 35
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

Octavio. D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter

Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken 40
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

Questenberg. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself 45
And threats us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells 50
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline, 55
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields!

Octavio. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon, 60
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden
Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out 65
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained

34 can 1800, 1828, 1829. 59 he 1800, 1828, 1829. 64 knew] wot 1800,
1828, 1829.

Their little army faithful to its duty,
 And daily it becomes more numerous. 70
 Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,
 I hold him all-encompassed by my listeners.
 Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

Questenberg. 'Tis quite 75
 Incomprehensible, that he detects not
 The foe so near!

Octavio. Beware, you do not think,
 That I by lying arts, and complaisant
 Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:
 Or with the sustenance of smooth professions 80
 Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
 Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
 Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
 To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
 Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits! 85

Questenberg. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

Octavio. I know not what it is that so attracts
 And links him both to me and to my son.
 Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
 Adventurous deeds performed in company, 90
 And all those many and various incidents
 Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
 Had bound us long and early to each other—
 Yet I can name the day, when all at once
 His heart rose on me, and his confidence 95
 Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
 Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
 Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
 To press him to accept another charger.
 At distance from the tents, beneath a tree, 100
 I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
 And had related all my bodings to him,
 Long time he stared upon me, like a man
 Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
 And manifested to me an emotion 105
 That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
 Since then his confidence has followed me
 With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

Questenberg. You lead your son into the secret?

Octavio.

No!

Questenberg. What? and not warn him either what bad hands

110

His lot has placed him in?

Octavio.

I must perforce

Leave him in wardship to his innocence.

His young and open soul—dissimulation

Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance

Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,

115

The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,

That make the Duke secure.

Questenberg. My honoured friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——

Reflect a little——

Octavio.

I must venture it.

120

Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV

MAX PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

Octavio. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor;
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

5

Max. Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters.

Questenberg (seizing his hand). Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!

Not on mine own account alone I seized it,

And nothing common will I say therewith.

10

[*Taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio—Max Piccolomini!

O saviour names, and full of happy omen!

Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,

While two such stars, with blessed influences

Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

15

Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.

118 *Questenberg (anxiously).* My honoured, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene IV. After 1 [*He embraces his father. As he turns round he observes
Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air. 1800, 1828, 1829.
Before 6 Max (drily). 1800, 1828, 1829.*]

You came not here to act a panegyric.
 You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
 I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

Octavio. He comes from court, where people are not quite
 So well contented with the duke, as here. 21

Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
 That he alone determines for himself
 What he himself alone doth understand?
 Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't. 25
 Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
 That can be struck and hammered out to suit
 Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
 To every tune of every minister.

It goes against his nature—he can't do it. 30
 He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
 And his too is the station of command.
 And well for us it is so! There exist
 Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
 Their intellects intelligently.—Then 35
 Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
 Who makes himself what nature destined him,
 The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
 Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
 Where all may press with joy and confidence. 40
 Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
 Another better suits the court—no other
 But such a one as he can serve the army.

Questenberg. The army? Doubtless!

Octavio (aside). Hush! suppress it, friend!
 Unless some end were answered by the utterance.— 45
 Of him there you'll make nothing.

Max. In their distress
 They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
 Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
 More than the ills for which they called him up.
 The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be 50
 Like things of every day.—But in the field,
 Aye, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
 The personal must command, the actual eye

Before 20 Octavio (to Max). 1800, 1828, 1829. 38 to] of 1800. 44 *Octavio*
(to Questenberg). 1800, 1828, 1829. 45 *some* 1800, 1828, 1829. 46 *him* 1800,
 1828, 1829. *Max (continuing).* In their, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829. 52 *there the*
Present Being 1800, 1828, 1829.

Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
 All that is great in nature, let it be 55
 Likewise his privilege to move and act
 In all the correspondencies of greatness.
 The oracle within him, that which lives,
 He must invoke and question—not dead books,
 Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers. 60

Octavio. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
 Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
 Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
 Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
 For always formidable was the league 65
 And partnership of free power with free will.
 The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
 Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
 Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid, 70
 Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
 My son! the road the human being travels,
 That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
 Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines, 75
 Honouring the holy bounds of property!
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Questenberg. O hear your father, noble youth! hear him,
 Who is at once the hero and the man.

Octavio. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! 80
 A war of fifteen years
 Hath been thy education and thy school.
 Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
 A higher than the warrior's excellence.
 In war itself war is no ultimate purpose. 85
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
 These are not they, my son, that generate
 The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!
 Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect! 90
 Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
 The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
 With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
 The motley market fills; the roads, the streams

58 *lives* 1800, 1828, 1829.

63 *th' oppressed* MS. R.

71 *may* 1800,

1828, 1829.

73 *Blessing* 1800, 1828, 1829.

78 *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries! 95
 But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
 Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly. 100

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
 Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
 For the first violet¹ of the leafless spring,
 Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Octavio. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once? 105

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.
 From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
 It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
 Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
 My road conducted me through countries where 110
 The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
 My venerable father, life has charms
 Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been
 But voyaging along its barren coasts,
 Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates, 115
 That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
 House on the wild sea with wild usages,
 Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
 Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals 120
 Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
 Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Octavio. And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
 What is the meed and purpose of the toil, 125
 The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
 Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
 A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
 For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
 The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet, 130

¹ In the original,

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb ich hin mit Freuden
 Fürs erste Vellchen, das der März uns bringt,
 Das duftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

1800, 1828, 1829.

106 here 1800, 1828, 1829.

113 we 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 123

Octavio (attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness). 1800, 1828, 1829.

The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
 Word of command, and exercise of arms—
 There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
 To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
 Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not— 135
 This cannot be the sole felicity,
 These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.

Octavio. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
 Returns home into life; when he becomes 140
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
 The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
 Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
 The caps and helmets are all garlanded 145
 With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
 The city gates fly open of themselves,
 They need no longer the petard to tear them.
 The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
 With peaceful men and women, that send onwards 150
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 O happy man, O fortunate! for whom 155
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
 The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Questenberg. O! that you should speak
 Of such a distant, distant time, and not
 Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day. 160

Max. Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
 I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
 Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
 (I'll own it to you freely) indignation
 Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together. 165
 'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
 It is the warrior that must force it from you.
 Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
 Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons, 170

Before 158 Questenberg (apparently much affected). 1800, 1828, 1829. Before
161 Max (turning round to him, quick and vehement). 1800, 1828, 1829. 165
peace, ye 1800, 1828, 1829.

And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
 Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
 War intermit not during war, how then
 And whence can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
 Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you. 175
 And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
 And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [Exit.

SCENE V

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Questenberg. Alas, alas! and stands it so?
 What, friend! and do we let him go away
 In this delusion—let him go away?
 Not call him back immediately, not open
 His eyes upon the spot?

Octavio. He has now opened mine, 5
 And I see more than pleases me.

Questenberg. What is it?

Octavio. Curse on this journey!

Questenberg. But why so? What is it?

Octavio. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
 The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
 Are opened now, and I must use them. Come! 10

[Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.

Questenberg. What now? Where go you then?

Octavio. To her herself.

Questenberg. To——

Octavio. To the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,
 I see the net that is thrown over him.

O! he returns not to me as he went.

Questenberg. Nay, but explain yourself.

Octavio. And that I should not 15
 Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
 Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
 I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

172 how 1800, 1828, 1829. 173 whence 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene V. After 1 [Then in pressing and impatient tones. 1800, 1828, 1829.
 5 Octavio (recovering himself out of a deep study). 1800, 1828, 1829. 11 Where
 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 12 Octavio (interrupting him, and correcting him-
 self). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Questenberg. But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,

That you are talking absolute riddles to me. 20

Octavio. Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour Which he appointed you for audience. Come!

A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

SCENE VI

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.

First Servant. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, 'Stand to your arms!' They will be there in a minute.

Second Servant. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions— 6

Third Servant. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

First Servant. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber. 11

Second Servant. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni. My son, there's nothing insignificant, 15
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

First Servant (to the Second). Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni (counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats). Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs. 20

Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

Second Servant. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

19 what's 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before* 21 *Octavio (more collected).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene VI. *13 hum* 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before* 15 *Seni (with gravity).* 1800, 1828, 1829. *15 nothing* 1800, 1828, 1829. *16 Nothing* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments. 25

Second Servant. That's good! and why do you call five an
holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so 30
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

Second Servant. The foolish old coxcomb!

First Servant. Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear
him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

Third Servant. Off! They come. 36

Second Servant. There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A page brings
the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it
on the table near the DUKE'S chair. They are
announced from without, and the wings of the door
fly open.*

SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wallenstein. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

Duchess. Yes, and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

Wallenstein. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither 5
To the camp, in winter time?

Duchess. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To shew the elected husband his betrothed. 10

Wallenstein. And did they guess the choice which I had
made?

Duchess. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

Wallenstein. And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

Duchess. Your will, you know, was always mine.

Wallenstein. Well, then? 15

14 you wish 1800, 1828, 1829. 15 *Wallenstein* (after a pause). Well, then?
1800, 1828, 1829.

And in all else, of what kind and complexion

Was your reception at the court?

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

Duchess. O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.

A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm

20

Has stolen into the bud.

Wallenstein.

Ay! is it so!

What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?

Duchess. Not of respect. No honours were omitted,

No outward courtesy; but in the place

Of condescending, confidential kindness,

25

Familiar and endearing, there were given me

Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.

Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,

It was the guise of pity, not of favour.

No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,

30

Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—

Not wholly so should she have been received.

Wallenstein. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,

They railed at it, no doubt.

Duchess.

O that they had!

I have been long accustomed to defend you,

35

To heal and pacify distempered spirits.

No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,

O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—

Here is no every-day misunderstanding,

No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;

40

Something most luckless, most unhealable,

Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary

Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,

And ever at departure to embrace me—

Wallenstein. Now she omitted it?

Duchess.

She did embrace me, 45

But then first when I had already taken

My formal leave, and when the door already

Had closed upon me, then did she come out

In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,

And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish

50

Than tenderness.

After 17 [The *Duchess* casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent. 1800, 1828, 1829. 31 so 1800, 1828, 1829. 45 Now 1800, 1828, 1829. *Duchess* (wiping away her tears, after a pause). 1800, 1828, 1829. did 1800, 1828, 1829.

Wallenstein (seizes her hand soothingly). Nay, now collect yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

Duchess. I saw none.

Wallenstein. The Ambassador from Spain, who once
was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

Duchess. Silent, Silent! 55

Wallenstein. These suns then are eclipsed for us.
Henceforward

Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

Duchess. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard 60
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——

Wallenstein. Lamormain! what said he?

Duchess. That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the Emperor 65
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg. 70
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!—

Wallenstein. Proceed!

Duchess. I cannot utter it!

Wallenstein. Proceed!

Duchess. They talk——

Wallenstein. Well!

Duchess. Of a second——

Wallenstein. Second——

Duchess. More disgraceful

——Dismission.

Wallenstein. Talk they?

O! they force, they thrust me

53 *Duchess (shaking her head).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 62 *Wallenstein (eagerly).*
Lamormain, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829. 71 *And people*
... Ah!— [*Stifling extreme emotion.* 1800, 1828, 1829. 73 *Duchess.* Of a
second—— [*catches her voice and hesitates.* 1800, 1828, 1829. 74 *Wallenstein.*
Talk they? [*Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

With violence, against my own will, onward!

75

Duchess. O! if there yet be time, my husband! if

By giving way and by submission, this

Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!

Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart

It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor

80

Before whom you retreat. O let no longer

Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning

With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up

Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,

And drive before you into uttermost shame

85

These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—

You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune

It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.

What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour

Stand not before us?

90

SCENE VIII

Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, leading in her hand the PRINCESS

THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants.

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Countess. How, sister? What already upon business,

And business of no pleasing kind I see,

Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first

Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!

This is thy daughter.

5

(THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.)

Wallenstein. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:

I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duchess. 'Twas but a little child when you departed

To raise up that great army for the Emperor:

And after, at the close of the campaign,

10

When you returned home out of Pomerania,

Your daughter was already in the convent,

Wherein she has remain'd till now.

Wallenstein.

The while

Before 76 Duchess (presses near to him, in entreaty). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene VIII. After 1 [Observing the countenance of the Duchess. 1800, 1828, 1829.

We in the field here gave our cares and toils
 To make her great, and fight her a free way 15
 To the loftiest earthly good, lo! mother Nature
 Within the peaceful silent convent walls
 Has done her part, and out of her free grace
 Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
 The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned 20
 To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duchess (to Thekla). Thou wouldst not have recognized
 thy father,

Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
 When last she saw your face.

Thekla. O yes, yes, mother!

At the first glance!—My father is not altered. 25
 The form, that stands before me, falsifies
 No feature of the image that hath lived
 So long within me!

Wallenstein. The voice of my child!

[*Then after a pause.*

I was indignant at my destiny
 That it denied me a man-child to be 30
 Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
 And re-illumine my soon extinguished being
 In a proud line of princes.
 I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
 So lovely in its maiden bloom will I 35
 Let fall the garland of a life of war,
 Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
 Transmitted to a regal ornament,
 Around these beauteous brows.

[*He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.*

SCENE IX

*Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERTSKY,
 the others remaining as before.*

Countess. There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wallenstein. Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always
 wert thou

The morning star of my best joys!

Max. My General——

Wallenstein. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded
 thee,

I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound 5

The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered 10
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble 15
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune! 20

[*TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE, which he breaks open hurryingly.*

Countess (to Max). Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it besseems
To shew himself for ever great and princely. 25

Thekla. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

How my heart pours out 30
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope. 35
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Countess. My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wallenstein (turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess). Once more I
bid thee welcome to the camp,

30 And making happy. [*He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still increasing warmth. 1800, 1828, 1829.* Before 38 *Countess (who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max, 40
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm, the

COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.

Tertsky (calling after him). Max, we depend on seeing you
at the meeting.

SCENE X

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (to himself). She hath seen all things as they
are—It is so

And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand, 5
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch! 10

[*As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives him
a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!

Tertsky. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

Wallenstein. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith 15
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shewn himself again of late. What brings he 20
From the Count Thur?

Tertsky. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have

Scene X. *Before 1 Wallenstein (in deep thought to himself).* 1800, 1838, 1839.

No further dealings with you.

Wallenstein.

And why so?

25

¹ *Tertsky.* He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,

That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

Wallenstein.

So then, doubtless,

30

Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.

35

Tertsky. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—

It goes not from your portion. If you win

The game what matters it to you who pays it?

40

Wallenstein. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.

Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled

My native land away, dismembered Germany,

Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order

To come with stealthy tread, and filch away

45

My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—

No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,

And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!

Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances

¹ This passing off of his real irresolution and fancy-dalliance for depth of Reserve and for Plan formed within the magic circle of his own inapproachable spirits is very fine; but still it is not tragic—nay scarce obvious enough to be altogether *dramatic*, if in this word we involve theatre-representation. Iago (so far only analogous to Wallenstein as in him an *Impulse* is the source of his conduct rather than the *motive*), always acting is not the object of Interest, [but] derives a constant interest from Othello, on whom he is acting; from Desdemona, Cassio, every one; and, besides, for the purpose of theatric comprehensibility he is furnished with a set of outside motives that actually pass with the groundling for the true springs of action. MS. R.

T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands ! 50
 I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
 But not a single fish of all the draught
 Shall they come in for.

Tertsky. You will deal, however,
 More fairly with the Saxons ? They lose patience
 While you shift ground and make so many curves. 55
 Say, to what purpose all these masks ? Your friends
 Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
 There's Oxenstirn, there's Arnheim—neither knows
 What he should think of your procrastinations.
 And in the end I prove the liar: all 60
 Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.

Wallenstein. I never give my handwriting ; thou knowest it.

Tertsky. But how can it be known that you're in
 earnest,
 If the act follows not upon the word ?
 You must yourself acknowledge, that in all 65
 Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
 You might have done with safety all you have done,
 Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
 For the Emperor's service.

Wallenstein (after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on

Tertsky). And from whence dost thou know
 That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service ? 70
 Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you ?
 Dost thou know me so well ? When made I thee
 The intendant of my secret purposes ?
 I am not conscious that I ever open'd
 My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true, 75
 Hath dealt with me amiss ; and if I would,
 I could repay him with usurious interest
 For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
 To know my power ; but whether I shall use it,
 Of that, I should have thought that thou could'st speak 80
 No wiselier than thy fellows.

Tertsky. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[Enter ILLO.

6a never 1800.	63 known 1800.	69 thou 1800.	70 not 1800.
7a me 1800.	76 would 1800.	79 power 1800.	

SCENE XI

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wallenstein. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wallenstein. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?

Illo. He's yours, both soul and body, 5
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

Wallenstein. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast
thou

Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

Wallenstein. You mean then I may venture somewhat
with them? 10

Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

Wallenstein. Not more assured of mine own self.

Tertsky. And yet

I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

Wallenstein. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior. 15
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short
To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

Illo. There is among them all but this one voice, 20
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

Wallenstein. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

Illo. Of course.

Wallenstein. Their words of honour they must give, their
oaths, 25
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service unconditional.

After 17 (with an air of mystery) 1800, 1828, 1829. 21 must 1800.
27 unconditional 1800.

Illo. Why not?

Tertsky. Devotion unconditional?

The exception of their duties towards Austria

They'll always place among the premises.

30

With this reserve——

Wallenstein. All unconditional!

No premises, no reserves.

Illo. A thought has struck me.

Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet

This evening?

Tertsky. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

Illo (to Wallenstein). Say, will you here fully

35

Commission me to use my own discretion?

I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,

Even as you wish.

Wallenstein. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is your concern.

Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,

40

That all the leaders who are present here

Give themselves up to you, without condition;

Say, will you then—then will you shew yourself

In earnest, and with some decisive action

Make trial of your luck?

Wallenstein. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.

45

Illo. ¹Seize, seize the hour

Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment

In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.

To make a great decision possible,

O! many things, all transient and all rapid,

50

Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met

May by that confluence be enforced to pause

Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,

Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!

This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,

55

Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,

¹ Here is an instance of the defect classed No. 1 in the blank leaf. With what propriety is this speech of profound moral insight put in the mouth of that stupid, foolish *Illo*? *MS. R.*

28 unconditional 1800.

31 unconditional 1800.

32 Wallenstein

(shaking his head). 1800, 1828, 1829.

39 your 1800.

43 then—then 1800.

Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
 The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
 Hath woven together in one potent web
 Instinct with destiny, O let them not 60
 Unravel of themselves. If you permit
 These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
 Bring you them not a second time together.
 'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
 And every individual's spirit waxes 65
 In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
 They are still here, here still! But soon the war
 Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
 Particular anxieties and interests
 Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy 70
 Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
 Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
 Will become sober, seeing but himself,
 Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
 Will face about, and march on in the old 75
 High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
 And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

Wallenstein. The time is not yet come.

Tertsky.

So you say always.

But when will it be time?

Wallenstein.

When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours, 80
 Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
 In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
 Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
 This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
 The only one that harmeth you is Doubt. 85

Wallenstein. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
 And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
 That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
 Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
 Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth, 90
¹ Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,

¹ This is *said*, and finely too; but in what one instance is it shown realized in *Illo*? This is a common fault of a man of genius whose genius is not however *creative* but *ideative*. There is just such another in my *Maria* as described by Osorio, the Character exists only in the description. *MS. R.*

Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
 The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
 With serviceable cunning knit together
 The nearest with the nearest ; and therein 95
 I trust thee and believe thee ! but whate'er
 Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
 And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
 That from this gross and visible world of dust
 Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds, 100
 Builds itself up ; on which the unseen powers
 Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
 The circles in the circles, that approach
 The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
 These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye, 105
 Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.]

The heavenly constellations make not merely
 The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
 Signify to the husbandman the seasons
 Of sowing and of harvest. Human action, 110
 That is the seed too of contingencies,
 Strewed on the dark land of futurity
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours, 115
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say 120
 What I shall do—only, give way I will not.
 Depose me too they shall not. On these points
 You may rely.

Page (entering). My Lords, the Generals.

Wallenstein. Let them come in.

108 nights] night 1800, 1828, 1830.

121 I 1800.

SCENE XII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the Chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank.*

Wallenstein. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import

Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth. 5
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains.

Questenberg. I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right 10
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

Wallenstein. We excuse all preface.

Questenberg. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander, 15
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons, 20
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked as round one magic circle 25
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

Wallenstein. May't please you to the point. 30

Before 1 WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, &c. . . rank. There reigns a momentary silence. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Questenberg. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
 His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
 Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
 After this day of triumph, this proud day,
 Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight, 35
 And vanished from the theatre of war ;
 While the young Weimar hero forced his way
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
 Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
 Makes its own channel ; with such sudden speed 40
 He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
 Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
 Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need ;
 The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland, 45
 Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty :
 He superadds his own, and supplicates
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
 In vain his supplication ! At this moment
 The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge, 50
 Barters the general good to gratify
 Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

Wallenstein. Max, to what period of the war alludes he ?
 My recollection fails me here.

Max. He means
 When we were in Silesia.

Wallenstein. Ay ! Is it so ! 55
 But what had we to do there ?

Max. To beat out
 The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

Wallenstein. True.
 In that description which the Minister gave
 I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To QUESTENBERG.

Well, but proceed a little.

Questenberg. Yes ! at length 60
 Beside the river Oder did the Duke
 Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
 Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
 Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
 The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger 65
 Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up

Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
 And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
 But he had fallen into magnanimous hands ;
 Instead of punishment he found reward,
 And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
 The arch-foe of his Emperor.

70

Wallenstein (laughs). I know,
 I know you had already in Vienna
 Your windows and balconies all forestalled
 To see him on the executioner's cart.
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too
 With infamy, and still retained your graces—
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
 Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,
 No, never can forgive me.

75

Questenberg. So Silesia
 Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
 Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
 And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,
 Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
 He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
 He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
 Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

80

85

Wallenstein. The troops were pitiably destitute
 Of every necessary, every comfort.
 The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
 His troops are made of? Arn't we men? subjected
 Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
 The circumstances of necessity?
 O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
 Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
 And when he goes away, the general curse
 Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
 Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
 From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
 Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
 Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
 How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

90

95

100

Butler. Already a full year.
Wallenstein. And 'tis the hire
 That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,

The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.¹ 105

Questenberg. Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

Wallenstein. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war, 110

I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing 115
The terrors of his name. That was a time!

In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honoured with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown! 120

But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now, 125
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I! 130
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!

Questenberg. But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous diet.

Wallenstein. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom. 135
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me

¹ The original is not translatable into English :

——— Und sein Sold

Muss dem Soldaten worden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered :

'And that for which he sold his services,

The soldier must receive.'

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

105 pay . . . covenant 1800.

135 I 1800.

To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
 I have been taught far other trains of thinking
 Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
 From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff, 140
 But now I hold it as the empire's general—
 For the common weal, the universal interest,
 And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
 But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

Questenberg. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed 145
 That without pretexts of delay the army
 Evacuate Bohemia.

Wallenstein. In this season?
 And to what quarter wills the Emperor
 That we direct our course?

Questenberg. To the enemy.
 His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg 150
 Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
 That Lutheranism may be no longer preached
 In that cathedral, nor heretical
 Defilement desecrate the celebration
 Of that pure festival.

Wallenstein. My generals, 155
 Can this be realized?

Illo. 'Tis not possible.

Butler. It can't be realized.

Questenberg. The Emperor
 Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
 To advance toward Bavaria!

Wallenstein. What did Suys?

Questenberg. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!

Wallenstein. What? he advanced? And I, his general, 161
 Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
 Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
 With my authority? Is this the obedience
 Due to my office, which being thrown aside 165
 No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
 You be the judges, generals! What deserves
 That officer, who of his oath neglectful
 Is guilty of contempt of orders?

Illo. Death. 169

Wallenstein. Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

Before 170 Wallenstein (raising his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous). 1800, 1828, 1820.

Max Piccolomini. According to the letter of the law,
Death.

Isolani. Death.

Butler. Death, by the laws of war.

[*QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows ;
all the rest rise.*

Wallenstein. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I shew him favour, 'twill arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor. 175

Questenberg. If so, I can say nothing further—here!

Wallenstein. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled 180
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the event,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus 185
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come. 190
Attend now, generals!

Questenberg. The prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded, 195
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

Wallenstein. Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be! 200
I see it coming!

Questenberg. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!—

Wallenstein. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered

171 *Max Piccolomini (after a long pause).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 176 so ... here
1800. 182 event 1800.

To understand, that folks are tired of seeing 205
 The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court
 Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
 The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
 To lead into the empire a new army
 Unsubjected to my control. To throw me 210
 Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
 To venture that. My stipulation runs,
 That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
 Where'er the German is the native language.
 Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals 215
 That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
 No syllable! And so the politic court
 Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with, 220
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
 And make short work with me.
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
 Straight-forward man! His compact with me pinches
 The Emperor. He would that I moved off!— 225
 Well!—I will gratify him!

[*Here there commences an agitation among the Generals
 which increases continually.*]

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at
 The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
 The recompense their services demand. 230
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.
 There serve here many foreigners in the army,
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
 I was not wont to make nice scrutiny 235
 After his pedigree or catechism.
 This will be otherwise, i'the time to come.
 Well—me no longer it concerns. [He seats himself.]

Max Piccolomini. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come
 to this!

Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation— 240
 The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

Isolani. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

Wallenstein. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!

What we with toil and foresight have built up,
 Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck. 245
 What then? another chieftain is soon found,
 Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
 Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
 At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[*During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO and MARA-DAS talk confusedly with great agitation.*

Max Piccolomini (busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them). Hear, my commander!
 Hear me, generals! 250

Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
 Till we have met and represented to you
 Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
 I hope all may be yet set right again.

Tertsky. Away! let us away! in the antechamber 255
 Find we the others. [*They go.*

Butler (to Questenberg). If good counsel gain
 Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
 You will be cautious how you shew yourself
 In public for some hours to come—or hardly
 Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment. 260

[*Commotions heard from without.*

Wallenstein. A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio!
 Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
 Farewell, Von Questenberg! [*QUESTENBERG is about to speak.*
 Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!
 You have performed your duty—We know how 265
 To separate the office from the man.

[*As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in; several other Generals following them.*

Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our general?
Tiefenbach (at the same time). What are we forced to hear?
 That thou wilt leave us?

Kolatto (at the same time). We will live with thee, we will
 die with thee. 269

Wallenstein (pointing to Illo). There! the Field-Marshal
 knows our will. [*Exit.*

244 vs 1800. 270 *Wallenstein (with stateliness and, &c.).* 1800, 1828,
 1829. After 270 [*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.* 1800,
 1828, 1829.

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO and TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain 5
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for him, provided
So doing we infringe no oath nor duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make 10
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further! 15
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

Tertsky. How? think you then 20
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?

Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery, 25
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

Tertsky. Well, well, it shall content me; let but some-
thing 30
Be done, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance

6 *H*is 1800. 7 *him* 1800. 8 *nor*] or 1800, 1828, 1829. 31 *done*
1800, 1828, 1829.

How, or how far, we may thereby propel
 The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade 35
 The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
 In his determined mood, as if he had them,
 And he will have them. Where he plunges in,
 He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

Tertsky. His policy is such a labyrinth, 40
 That many a time when I have thought myself
 Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
 Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
 He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
 To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina 45
 Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
 Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
 And when I think I have him—off at once—
 He has slipped from me, and appears as if
 He had no scheme, but to retain his place. 50

Illo. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
 His soul is occupied with nothing else,
 Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,
 That day by day he questions for this purpose
 The motions of the planets—

Tertsky. Ay! you know 55
 This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
 Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
 To make joint observations—for I hear,
 It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
 And something great, and of long expectation, 60
 Is to make its procession in the heaven.

Illo. Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
 In this next day or two must thrive and grow
 More than it has for years. And let but only
 Things first turn up auspicious here below— 65
 Mark what I say—the right stars too will shew themselves.
 Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
 And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

Tertsky. Do you go thither, *Illo.* I must stay
 And wait here for the Countess *Tertsky.* Know 70
 That we too are not idle. Break one string,
 A second is in readiness.

Illo. Yes! Yes!

I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

Tertsky. A secret. Hush! she comes.

[*Exit ILLO.*]

SCENE II

The Countess steps out from a Closet.

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.

Countess. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

Tertsky. I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know, 5
No ray has broken from him on this point.
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.

Countess. I take it on me.

[*Talking to herself, while she is advancing.*]

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other— 10
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first he, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,¹ whom no one knows—No! no!—— 15
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.—

Servant (enters). The commanders! 21

Tertsky (to the Countess). Take care you heat his fancy
and affections—

Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature. 25

¹ In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally
accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the
marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

6 broken] broke out 1800, 1828, 1829.

13 he 1800, 1828, 1829.

15 whom] when 1800, 1828, 1829.

Countess. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

Tertsky. All rests upon his undersigning.

Countess. Go to your guests! Go——

Illo (comes back). Where art staying, Tertsky?

The house is full, and all expecting you. 30

Tertsky. Instantly! Instantly! [To the *COUNTESS.*

And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion

In the old man——

Countess. A truce with your precautions!

[*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*

SCENE III

COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Aunt Tertsky? may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*

She's not here!

Where is she?

Countess. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Conceal'd behind that screen.

Max. There lie her gloves!'

[*Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.*

You unkind Lady! You refuse me this— 5

You make it an amusement to torment me.

Countess. And this tñe thanks you give me for my trouble?

Max. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!

Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—

With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances— 10

These, these are not my habits!

Countess. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!

¹ All this is terribly childish, at least appears so to an *English* lover. Besides it is modern French Comedy—for which, by the by, we want a word to distinguish it from the *toto caelo* different Comedy which Shakespere and his contemporaries worked up into their Tragedy with such felicity of action and reaction. *MS. R.*

²⁸ *Countess (interrupting him).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene III. *Max (peeping in on the stage shyly).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 7
[thanks] thank 1800, 1828, 1829. 8 my 1800, 1828, 1829.

But on this proof of your obedient temper
 I must continue to insist; and only
 On this condition can I play the agent 15
 For your concerns.

Max. But wherefore comes she not?
 Where is she?

Countess. Into my hands you must place it
 Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
 More zealously affected to your interest?
 No soul on earth must know it—not your father. 20
 He must not above all.

Max. Alas! what danger?
 Here is no face on which I might concentrate
 All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
 O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
 Or is it only I?

I find myself, 25
 As among strangers! Not a trace is left
 Of all my former wishes, former joys.
 Where has it vanished to? There was a time
 When even, methought, with such a world as this
 I was not discontented. Now how flat! 30
 How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
 My comrades are intolerable to me.
 My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
 My arms, my military duties—O!
 They are such wearying toys!

Countess. But, gentle friend! 35
 I must entreat it of your condescension,
 You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
 With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
 Where even now much, and of much moment,
 Is on the eve of its completion.

Max. Something, 40
 I can't but know, is going forward round me.
 I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
 In wild uncouth movements. Well,
 In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
 Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay, 45
 No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
 The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
 The pointless jest, the empty conversation,

17 *my* 1800, 1828, 1830.

21 *He* 1800, 1828, 1830.

Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasped for air—
 I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly, 50
 To seek a silence out for my full heart;
 And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
 No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
 There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,¹
 Thither I went, there found myself alone. 55
 Over the altar hung a holy mother;
 A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
 That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
 How oft have I beheld that glorious form
 In splendour, mid ecstatic worshippers; 60
 Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
 Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

Countess. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
 Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
 Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active. 65
 Only be manageable when that friendship
 Points you the road to full accomplishment.
 How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Countess. This morning the first time in twenty days? 70

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
 And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and—
 That was the last relay of the whole journey!
 In a balcony we were standing mute,
 And gazing out upon the dreary field: 75
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
 The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
 And trembling ventured I at length these words:
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that 80
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many—'Speak with my aunt Tertsy!' 85
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.

¹ I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original—*Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelsporte.*

She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
 Did I control myself.

[*The PRINCESS THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.*

With instant boldness 90

I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers;
 There was a rustling in the room close by;
 It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
 You know.

Countess. And is it your excess of modesty;
 Or are you so incurious, that you do not 95
 Ask me too of my secret?

Max. Of your secret?

Countess. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
 I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
 What she in this first moment of the heart
 Ta'en with surprise—

Max. Well? 100

SCENE IV

THEKLA (hurries forward), COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Thekla (to the Countess). Spare yourself the trouble:
 That hears he better from myself.

Max. My Princess!

What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsy?

Thekla (to the Countess). Has he been here long?

Countess. Yes; and soon must go.

Where have you stayed so long?

Thekla. Alas! my mother 5

Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
 Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.

To-day at noon I could not.

The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you 10
 Hid the beloved from me.

Thekla. Then you saw me

91 mouth] *lips MS. R.*
at Thekla). 1800, 1828, 1829.

94 *Countess (after a pause, with a stolen glance*
your 1800, 1828, 1829. 100 *Max (with*

eagerness). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene IV. a *Max (stepping backward).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 5 *you* 1800,
 1828, 1829.

With your eye only—and not with your heart?

Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle, 15
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him father!
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows, 20
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart 25
The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

Thekla. Hush! not a word more of this mummery.
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off. 30

[*To the COUNTESS.*

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [*To MAX.*
It was my wish to see you always so, 35
And never otherwise!

Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

Thekla. Yes; I confess to you 40
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me 45
As a sweet dream!

Max. Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men

Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge 50
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

Thekla. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous 55
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

Countess. And what 60
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

Thekla. Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

Countess (laughs). The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access 66
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?

Thekla. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services 70
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

Thekla. He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

Countess. He wished 75
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

Thekla. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

Countess. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch 81
A side-glance, and away!

Thekla. ¹ It was a strange

¹ In this and in Max's reply to it I have taken more liberty than in any other part of the play—except perhaps in Gordon's character of Wallenstein [Act III. Scene ii]. In truth, Max's reply after the first nine lines is almost my own, as are the first seven lines of Thekla's description.

54 inalienable] unalienable 1800, 1828, 1829. After 56 [Breaking off, and in a sportive tone. 1800, 1828, 1829. 60 Countess (recollecting). 1800, 1828, 1829. 63 Thekla (smiling). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
 From the broad sunshine I stepped in ; and now
 The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after 85
 The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
 'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
 Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
 Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
 In a half-circle. Each one in his hand 90
 A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
 And in the tower no other light was there
 But from these stars : all seemed to come from them.
 'These are the planets,' said that low old man,
 'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause 95
 Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
 Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
 With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
 He opposite, the king with the red light,
 An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars : 100
 And both these bring but little luck to man.'
 But at his side a lovely lady stood,
 The star upon her head was soft and bright,
 And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
 On the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings. 105
 Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright
 A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;
 And this was Jupiter, my father's star :
 And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.
Mar. O never rudely will I blame his faith 110
 In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
 The human being's Pride that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance ;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
 This visible nature, and this common world, 115
 Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years
 Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
 For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place ;
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans, 120
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.

The remainder I take a little pride in as a specimen of translation, fully
 equal, and in diction and rhythmic feeling superior, to the original.
S. T. C. MS. R.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty, 125
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!
 But still the heart doth need a language, still 130
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend;' and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky 135
 Shoot influence down; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

Thekla. And if this be the science of the stars,
 I too, with glad and zealous industry, 140
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
 That in immeasurable heights above us,
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

Countess. Not only roses, 145
 But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
 Leave they your wreath of love inviolate;
 What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
 The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close. 150
 Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
 Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
 Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
 Has he performed for glory, and can now 155
 Live for himself and his. To his domains
 Will he retire; he has a stately seat
 Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—

¹ No more of talk, where God or Angel Guest
 With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
 To sit indulgent.

Paradise Lost, ix. 1-3. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests :

His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.

Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

Countess. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !

A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword. 170

Max. O, that the sword could win her!

Countess. What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

Exit COUNTESS.

SCENE V

THEKLA *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Thekla (as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to *Piccolomini*). Don't trust them! They are false!

Max. Impossible !

Thekla. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once, They had a purpose.

Max. Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?

Thelda. I know no more than you; but yet believe me: 5
There's some design in this! to make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.

Max. But these Tertskys—
 Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
 Excellent creature! she deserves from us
 A full and filial confidence.

Thekla. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.

I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways— 20
He is so good, so noble!

Thekla (falls on his neck). That are you!

Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both 25
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent!—

You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

Thekla. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied— 30
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*

Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertslys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further 35
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—
On our own hearts!

Max. O! shall we e'er be happy?

Thekla. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me! 40
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:¹
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou did'st not find it?

SCENE VI

To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Countess. Come!

My husband sends me for you—It is now

¹ What may not a man write and publish, who writes with the press waiting, and composes p. 80 while the printer is composing p. 85? *MS. R.*

18 *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

37 *e'er* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene VI. 1 *Countess (in a pressing manner).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 3 *The latest, &c. [They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

The latest moment.

Part you!

Thekla.

O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

Countess.

Aye! Then time

Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

5

Max. There is no hurry, aunt.

Countess.

Away! Away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already

His father has asked for him.

Thekla.

Ha! his father?

Countess. You understand that, niece!

Thekla.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society?

10

'Tis not his proper company. They may

Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.

In brief, he suits not such society.

Countess. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

Thekla. Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.

Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

16

Countess. What? have you lost your senses, niece?—

Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

Max (to Thekla). Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.

What say you then, dear lady?

Thekla (without looking at him). Nothing. Go!

20

Max. Can I, when you are angry—

[He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.

Countess. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.—Off!

[MAX tears himself away out of her arms, and goes.

The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

Thekla (plays and sings).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore; 25
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;

Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky: 30
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.¹

¹ I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the *Alcaic Movement*, and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

Thekla (spielt und singt).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Thekla (plays and sings).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of *The Tale of Rosamond Gray and Blind Margaret* has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

SCENE VII

COUNTRESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

Countess. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought
It had been more beseeeming 'to have shewn yourself 5
More chary of your person.

Thekla. And what mean you?

Countess. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

Thekla. What then?

Countess. That you're the daughter of the Prince-Duke
Friedland. 10

Thekla. Well—and what farther?

Countess. What? a pretty question!

Thekla. He was born that which we have but become.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

Countess. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth! 15
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

Thekla. That will not be necessary.

Countess. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

The text of Lamb's version as printed in *Works*, 1818, i. 43 is as follows:—

BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,

And ever the forest maketh a moan:

Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,

Thus by herself she singeth alone,

Weeping right plentifully.

The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,

In this world plainly all seemeth amiss:

To thy breast, holy one, take now thy little one,

I have had earnest of all earth's bliss

Living most lovingly.

Spring, 1800.

6 *Thekla* (*rising*). 1800, 1828, 1830. 8 *you* 1800, 1828, 1830. 12 *born*
... *become* 1800, 1828, 1830. 16 *entreat* 1800, 1828, 1830.

Thekla. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty— 20

Countess. His!

His father! his! But yours, niece, what of yours?

Thekla. Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man!

His father, his, I mean.

Countess (looks at her). Niece, you are false. 25

Thekla. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

Countess. You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—

Thekla. Nay now, be friends with me.

Countess. It is not yet so far gone.

Thekla. I believe you.

Countess. Did you suppose your father had laid out 30

His most important life in toils of war,

Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,

Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted

His noble head to care, and for this only,

To make a happy pair of you? At length 35

To draw you from your convent, and conduct

In easy triumph to your arms the man

That chanc'd to please your eyes! All this, methinks,

He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

Thekla. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord. 41

And if my friendly and affectionate fate,

Out of his fearful and enormous being,

Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

¹ *Countess.* Thou seest it with a love-lorn maiden's eyes. 45

Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.

Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,

For no espousals dost thou find the walls

Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.

Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou 50

That all these thousands are here congregated

To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?

Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,

¹ A noble speech, and with the additional excellence of being in
character. MS. R.

21 *His* 1800, 1828, 1829.

his 1800, 1828, 1829.

false 1800, 1828, 1829.

her. 1800, 1828, 1829.

22 *His* . . . *his* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Countess (looks at her, as scrutinising). 1800, 1828, 1829.

23 *Thekla (interrupting her, and attempting to soothe*

her). 1800, 1828, 1829.

25 *His* . . .

Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
 Lies the great destiny of all our house. 55
 Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
 O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
 Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his
 Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
 Not to herself the woman must belong, 60
 Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
 But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
 Who can transmute the alien into self,
 Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
 And what must be, take freely to her heart, 65
 And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thekla. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
 I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
 Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
 His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me 70
 From the far distance, wakened in my soul
 No other thought than this—I am appointed
 To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Countess. That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
 I and thy mother gave thee the example. 75

Thekla. My fate hath shewn me him, to whom behoves it
 That I should offer up myself. In gladness
 Him will I follow.

Countess. Not thy fate hath shewn him!
 Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thekla. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses. 80
 I am all his! His Present—his alone,
 Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
 A right to his own creature. What was I
 Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

Countess. Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
 Have otherwise determined with thy person? 86

[*THEKLA remains silent. The Countess continues.*
 Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
 His name is Friedland.

Thekla. My name too is Friedland.
 He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Countess. What? he has vanquished all impediment, 90
 And in the wilful mood of his own daughter

58 *his* 1800, 1828, 1829. 74 *is* 1800, 1828, 1829. 76 *him* 1800, 1828,
 1829. 78 *Him* 1800, 1828, 1829. 81 *His Present—his* 1800, 1828, 1829.
 88 *My* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
 As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
 The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
 I will not frighten thee. To that extreme, 95
 I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
 Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
 May have the same direction as thy wish.
 But this can never, never be his will,
 That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes, 100
 Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
 And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
 Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
 Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
 The highest love can bring, must pay for it. [*Exit COUNTESS.*]

Thekla. I thank thee for the hint. It turns 106
 My sad presentiment to certainty.
 And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
 Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
 O she said rightly—no auspicious signs 110
 Beam on this covenant of our affections.
 This is no theatre, where hope abides.
 The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
 And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
 Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death. 115

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
 And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
 It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
 It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
 It lures me forward in a seraph's shape, 120
 I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
 It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
 And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
 I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*]

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish, 125
 Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,
 Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
 Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,

103 if 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 106 *Thekla* (who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections). 1800, 1828, 1829. III covenant]
 covenant 1800. 126 a] and 1800, 1828, 1829.

And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.¹

130

[Exit THEKLA.]

SCENE VIII

A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a Fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertsky's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Isolani. Here brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving 5
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up 10

¹ There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.*

* The two lines are sufficiently fustian, but this seems no reason for interpreting 'the God of Joy' as any higher divinity than Comus or rather an allegoric personage. Festivity alluding to the festive music and uproar heard from the banquet-room. MS. R.

9 feodalities] feodalities 1800.

For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

Tiefenbach and Goetz (call out from the second and third tables).

Count Piccolomini!

Tertsky. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it, 15
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max (reads). 'Ingratis servire nefas.'

Isolani. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Tertsky. No honest man will serve a thankless master. 20

Max. 'Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious
Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and
grievances which he has received, had expressed his determina-
tion to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has
graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to
part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively
and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken,
do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and
faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to
part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of
our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit*
it. (*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*) In testimony of
which we subscribe our names.'

Tertsky. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Isolani. Why should he not? All officers of honour 35
Can do it, aye, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

Tertsky. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Isolani (drawing Max along).

Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

SCENE IX

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

*Tertsky (beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and
steps forward with him to the edge of the stage).* Have you
the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.

It may be changed for the other?

Neumann.

I have copied it

Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,

5

According to your Excellency's order.

Tertsky. Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

*NEUMANN lays the copy on the table and steps back again
to the side-table.*

SCENE X

ILLO (comes out from the second chamber), TERTSKY.

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini?

Tertsky. All right, I think. He has started no objection.

Illo. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

Tertsky. How looks it at your table: you forget not 5
To keep them warm and stirring?

Illo. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. 'Since we're once for all 10
Together and unanimous, why not,'
Says Montecuculi, 'aye, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?' Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini, 15
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

Tertsky. And Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI

To them enter BUTLER from the second table.

Butler. Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
You may depend upon me.

Illo. May we, Butler?

Butler. With or without the clause, all one to me! 5
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain

Scene XI. *After 3 (with an air of mystery. 1800, 1828, 1829.
(with vivacity). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

4 *Illo*

The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord. 10

Tertsky. You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

Butler. I do not put up my fidelity 15
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment. 20
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

Illo. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them? 25

Butler. Ey? 30
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked my judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause, 35
Had driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.

Illo. Say, 40
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

Butler. A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service, 45

15 *Butler (with a haughty look).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 34 *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.
36 *Had]* Has 1800, 1828, 1829.

I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
 It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
 Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling
 That binds the husband to a wife and children. 50
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
 Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

Butler. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried. 55
 From lowest stable-duty I climbed up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
 The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
 I love a fortune that is like my own. 60

Illo. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

Butler. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt, 65
 That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
 To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
 That should reward his courage. Who of these
 Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it! 70

Tertsky. That's spoken like a man!

Butler. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
 Come! to the company!

Tertsky. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho! 75
 Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Excunt, each to his table.*]

SCENE XII

*The Master of the Cellar advancing with NEUMANN, Servants
 passing backwards and forwards.*

Master of the Cellar. The best wine! O! if my old mistress,
 his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she
 would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer!
 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no

moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neumann. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

Master of the Cellar. You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

First Servant (comes). Burgundy for the fourth table.

Master of the Cellar. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask——

First Servant. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiebach, sits at that table.

Master of the Cellar (continuing his discourse to Neumann). They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink——*(To the Servants)*—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner (comes). The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

Master of the Cellar. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

Runner. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Master of the Cellar. This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neumann. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Master of the Cellar. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for

13 isn't] a'nt 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 31 *Master of the Cellar (shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups).* 1800, 1828, 1839.

he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors 45
is no free man.

Neumann. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Master of the Cellar. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope 50 this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neumann. And what says that chart that hangs in the air 55 there, over it all?

Master of the Cellar. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and 60 open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle of Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter 65 royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

Neumann. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Master of the Cellar. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and 70 Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neumann. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurled down head 75 over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it. [*Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*]

Master of the Cellar. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me 80 as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*]

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*]

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! 85
Hurra! [Music strikes up.

First Servant. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

Second Servant (comes in running). Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

Third Servant. The Swedish Chief Commander! 90

First Servant (speaking at the same time). The Lutheran!

Second Servant. Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Master of the Cellar. Po, po! When the wine goes in, 95
strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

Second Servant (to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner). Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Fron- 100
tignac!—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

Runner (hides it in his pocket). All right!

[Exit the Second Servant.

Third Servant (aside to the First). Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will 105
give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

First Servant. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

Master of the Cellar (to Neumann). Who, pray, may that 110
swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

Neumann. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas; a Spaniard is he.

Master of the Cellar (impatiently). Spaniard! Spaniard!—I 115
tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these out-landish¹ fellows are little better than rogues.

¹ There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. 'Die welschen alle,' &c., which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the vulgar use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallae nuces, in German 'Welsch-nüsse'.—T.

89 drunk] drank 1800, 1828, 1829.
1829.

98 called] called to 1800, 1828,

Neumann. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most. 120

Master of the Cellar (taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket). My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*TERTSKY hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a Servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

Master of the Cellar (to the Servants). The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

SCENE XIII

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

Isolani (while the company is coming forward). Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

Goetz (to Tiefenbach). Noble brother!

Tiefenbach. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed. 5

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tiefenbach. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table. 10

Octavio (aside to Maradas). Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. 15

Isolani (on the point of going). Lights! lights!

Tertsky (advances with the paper to Isolani). Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

After 4 (making the usual compliment after meals) 1800, 1828, 1820. After 15 (He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene. 1800, 1828, 1820.

Isolani. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it. 20

Tertsky. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[*ISOLANI hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*

Tertsky. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[*OCTAVIO runs over the paper with apparent indifference.*

TERTSKY watches him at some distance.

Goetz (to Tertsky). Noble Count! with your permission— 25
Good night.

Tertsky. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants*)—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Tertsky. A thimble-full! 30

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tiefenbach (sits down). Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Tertsky. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tiefenbach. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs 35
won't carry me any longer.

Isolani. Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[*OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

Tiefenbach. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I 40
shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

Tertsky (observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen). Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it. 45

Isolani. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[*TERTSKY gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

Octavio (advancing to Butler). You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, 50
than of a feast.

37 *Isolani (pointing at his corpulence).* 1800, 1828, 1829. should] should
1800, 1828, 1829.

Butler. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Octavio. Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, 55 at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

Butler. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBAUH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the mean time returns to OCTAVIO, all this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*]

Octavio (introducing Maradas to Butler). Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. 60

[*BUTLER bows.*]

Octavio (continuing). You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*BUTLER makes a low bow.*) Nay, without com- 65 pliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

Butler. Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*]

Octavio (after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him). You were long absent from us, 70 friend!

Max. I—urgent business detained me.

Octavio. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent. 75

Octavio. May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you? Tertsky knows it without asking!

Max. What does Tertsky know?

Octavio. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Before 53 Octavio (stepping nearer to him friendly). 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before 68 Butler (coldly).* 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before 76 Octavio (advancing still nearer).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 76 business 'twas] the business was 1800, 1828, 1829. 77 Tertsky 1800, 1828, 1829.

Isolani. Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat 80
up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Tertsky (with the paper). Is there none wanting? Have the
whole subscribed?

Octavio. All.

Tertsky (calling aloud). Ho! Who subscribes? 85

Butler (to Tertsky). Count the names. There ought to be
just thirty.

Tertsky. Here is a cross.

Tiefenbach. That's my mark.

Isolani. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and 90
is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

Octavio (presses on to Max). Come, general! let us go. It is late.

Tertsky. One Piccolomini only has signed.

Isolani (pointing to Max). Look! that is your man, that statue
there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the 95
whole evening.

[MAX receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks
upon vacantly.]

SCENE XIV

*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the
golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking:*

GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and Butler. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake,
drink no more.

*Illo (goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand,
and then drinks).* Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge
be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye 5
never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am
always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past
—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely.
(*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on
earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue 10
to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

Tertsky (whispering to him). Art in thy senses? For heaven's
sake, Illo! think where you are!

Illo (aloud). What do you mean?—There are none but friends
here, are there? Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven! 15

*Before 80 Isolani (who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up).
1800, 1828, 1829. 93 One 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Scene XIV. 11 dear 1800, 1828, 1829. 15 here, are there? (looks round
the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air) 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Tertsky (to Butler). Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

Butler (to Illo). Field Marshal! a word with you.

[*Leads him to the sideboard.*]

Illo. A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health! 20

Isolani (to Max, who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes). Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Hast parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

Max. What am I to do?

Tertsky (and at the same time Isolani). Sign your name.

Max (returns the paper). Let it stay till to-morrow. It is 25
business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Tertsky. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Isolani. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the 30
whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Tertsky (to Octavio). Use your influence. Instruct him.

Octavio. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo (leaves the service-cup on the sideboard). What's the 35
dispute?

Tertsky. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe. 40

Max. Illo, good night!

Illo. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. 45

[*All collect round ILLO and MAX.*]

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff? 45

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Tertsky (to the commanders, who at Illo's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them). It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you. 50

Before 16 Tertsky (to Butler, eagerly), 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 19 Illo (cordially), 1800, 1828, 1829. 22 parsed 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 23 Max (waking as from a dream), 1800, 1828, 1829. After 24 OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety, 1800, 1828, 1829. 26 business 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 49 Tertsky (in extreme embarrassment, to the, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Isolani. Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

Illo. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

Tertsy. He is stark mad—don't listen to him! 55

Illo.—Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Tertsy (in a low voice to Illo). What are you doing, Illo? 60
You are ruining us.

Tiefenbach (to Kolatto). Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Isolani. What do I care for that? Where there stand other 65
names, mine can stand too.

Tiefenbach. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

Butler (to one of the commanders). For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question 70
now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Isolani (to one of the Generals). Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment? 75

Tertsy (to Goetz). Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am 80
his man.

Tiefenbach. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max (having read the paper gives it back). Till to-morrow, therefore!

Illo (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max with one hand, and his sword in the other). Subscribe—Judas!

Isolani. Out upon you, Illo! 85

Octavio, Tertsy, Butler (all together). Down with the sword!

Before 51 Isolani (with a bitter laugh). 1800, 1828, 1829. 51 tattles 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before 55 Tertsy (interrupting him).* 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before 56 Illo (raising his voice to the highest pitch).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 57 proviso 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before 58 Max (has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 67 was 1800, 1828, 1829.

Max (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky). Take him off to bed.

[*MAX leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*

ACT III

SCENE I

SCENE.—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion.—Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre, with Lights.*

Octavio.—And when my son comes in, conduct him hither. What is the hour?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Octavio. Set down the light. We mean not to undress. You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the chamber; MAX PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows 5
That odious business was no fault of mine.

'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.

What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,

Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—

Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow 10
My own light, not another's.

Octavio (embraces him). Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Octavio. I will do so. 15
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*

Max Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import, 20
Although I love not these set declarations.

Octavio. And on no other ground hast thou refused

Act III, Scene I. *A Chamber, &c. . . . It is Night. Octavio, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829. 8 thou 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 12 Octavio (goes up to him and embraces him). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

Max. It was a serious business—I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me. 25

Octavio. Be open, *Max.* Thou hadst then no suspicion?

Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

Octavio. Thank thy good angel, *Piccolomini*:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

Max. I know not what thou meanest.

Octavio. I will tell thee. 30

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villainy;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

Max (rises). *Octavio!*

Octavio. Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet 35
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding. 40
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

Max. My father!

Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be 45
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

Octavio. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light, 50
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself 55
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.
Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game

39 for] from 1800, 1828, 1829. 47 They] There 1828, 1829. After
56 [Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face. 1800, 1828, 1829. 57 mine
1800, 1828, 1829. After 57 [Max attempts to answer but hesitates, and casts his
eyes to the ground, embarrassed. Octavio, after a pause. 1800, 1828, 1829.

With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
 The Duke even now is playing. He assumes 60
 The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
 And in this moment makes he preparations
 That army from the Emperor to steal,
 And carry it over to the enemy!

Max. That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not 65
 Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

Octavio. That mouth,
 From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
 Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

Max. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke!
 What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream 70
 That he can lure away full thirty thousand
 Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
 More than a thousand noblemen among them,
 From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
 And make them all unanimous to do 75
 A deed that brands them scoundrels?

Octavio. Such a deed,
 With such a front of infamy, the Duke
 No wise desires—what he requires of us
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
 He wishes, but to give the Empire peace. 80
 And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
 Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
 All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
 And for his trouble will retain in payment
 (What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia! 85

Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
 That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

Octavio. What we would think is not the question here.
 The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
 Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee, 90
 In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
 But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
 What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
 Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed— 95
 Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
 To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier

63 steal 1800, 1828, 1829. 69 supposed] suppose 1800, 1828, 1829. 78
 wise] ways 1800, 1828, 1829. 81 this 1800. 82 force 1800. 88 we would
 1800, 1828, 1829.

Affectionately to the citizen.

Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height 100
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles ;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring— 105
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No ! from his own troops hide and hurry them !

Max. Cease, cease ! thou tortur'st, shatter'st me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery. 110

Octavio. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over ; 115
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted ;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up : to Tertsky 120
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

Mur. Likewise to both of us.

Octavio. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises. 125
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angle
With which he doubts not to catch thee.

Max. No ! no !
I tell thee—no !

Octavio. O open yet thine eyes !
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us 130
Hither to Pilsen ?—to avail himself
Of our advice ?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice ?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,

104 traitor's] traitors' 1800, 1828, 1829. 127 angle] angel 1800, 1828,
1829, 1834. angle 1852. Angle, der Angel, a curious misprint perpetuated
in the new edition. [MS. note by Derwent Coleridge.] 128 thee 1800,
1828, 1829.

Decline we that—to be his hostages. 135
 Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
 Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
 If higher duties had not held him fettered.

Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
 That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it. 140
 He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
 He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
 That we too should do somewhat now for him.

Octavio. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
 That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee. 145
 Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
 The counterfeited paper—the omission
 Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
 Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
 To nothing good?

Max. That counterfeited paper 150
 Appears to me no other than a trick
 Of Illo's own device. These underhand
 Traders in great men's interests ever use
 To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
 They see the Duke at variance with the court, 155
 And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
 The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
 The Duke knows nothing of all this.

Octavio. It grieves me
 That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
 A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee! 160
 For this is not a time for tenderness.
 Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
 I therefore will confess to thee, that all
 Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
 Which seems to thee so unbelievable, 165
 That—yes, I will tell thee—Max! I had it all
 From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

Max. No!—no!—never!

Octavio. Himself confided to me
 What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
 By other means—himself confided to me, 170
 That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
 And, at the head of the united armies,

166 That—yes, I will tell thee— (*a pause*), &c. 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before*
 168 *Max* (*in excessive agitation*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Compel the Emperor—

Max. He is passionate.
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment 175
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

Octavio. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he shewed me 180
His written evidences—shewed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd the amount.

Max. It cannot be! — can not be! can not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot! 185
Thou wouldest of necessity have shewn him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

Octavio. I have laid open my objections to him, 190
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my abhorrence, the full sentiment
Of my whole heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

Max. And thou hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father! 195
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I now do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

Octavio. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

Max. Uprightness merited his confidence. 200

Octavio. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

Octavio. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

Max. That he did not, evinced his confidence. 205

Octavio. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue 210

Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
 Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
 This is the curse of every evil deed,
 That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
 I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms: 215
 I but perform my orders; the Emperor
 Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
 Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
 Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
 In this our present sojourn with bad men, 220
 We must abandon many an honest object.
 'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
 By what means he can best be served—the heart
 May whisper what it will—this is our call!

Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day 225
 I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
 The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
 His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
 And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
 For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee— 230
 My friend thou stealest not from me—
 Let me not lose my father!

Octavio. As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
 Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. *[After a pause.]*

Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies 235
 Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
 And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
 Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
 The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
 We too have been in action—he but grasps 240
 His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
 Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Octavio. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
 With light tread hath Vengeance stole on after him. 245
 Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
 But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
 Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
 Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;
 He brought with him a private one, my son! 250

233 *Octavio. (suppressing resentment).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 245 With light
 tread] And light of tread 1800, 1828, 1829. 250 private 1800, 1828, 1829.

And that was for me only.

Max.

May I know it?

Octavio (seizes the patent).

Max!

[*A pause.*

—In this disclosure place I in thy hands

The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.

Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:

A powerful tie of love, of veneration,

255

Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.

Thou nourishest the wish.—O let me still

Anticipate thy loitering confidence!

The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself

Yet closer to him——

Max.

Father——

Octavio.

O my son!

260

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I

Equally sure of thy collectedness?

Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,

To enter this man's presence, when that I

Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max.

According

265

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[*OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.*

Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!

Octavio.

Read it.

Max (just glances on it). Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

Octavio.

Even so.

Max (throws down the paper). O this is too much! O unhappy error!

270

Octavio. Read on. Collect thyself.

Max (after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father). How! what! Thou! thou!

Octavio. But for the present moment, till the King

Of Hungary may safely join the army,

Is the command assigned to me.

Max.

And think'st thou,

Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?

275

O never hope it!—Father! father! father!

An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.

This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?

The mighty in the middle of his host,
 Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou 280
 Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

Octavio. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
 In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
 Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
 And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness. 285
 The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
 Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
 Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
 The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
 Are closely watched. I wait but the first step, 290
 And then immediately——

Max. What! on suspicion?
 Immediately?

Octavio. The Emperor is no tyrant.
 The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
 The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
 Let him but leave the treason uncompleted, 295
 He will be silently displaced from office,
 And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
 An honourable exile to his castles
 Will be a benefaction to him rather
 Than punishment. But the first open step—— 300

Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
 Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
 Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

Octavio. Nay, howsoever punishable were
 Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps 305
 Which he hath taken openly, permit
 A mild construction. It is my intention
 To leave this paper wholly uninforced
 Till some act is committed which convicts him
 Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea, 310
 And that shall sentence him.

Max. But who the judge?

Octavio. Thyself.

Max. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

Octavio. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
 After the counter-promise of this evening, 315
 It cannot be but he must deem himself
 Secure of the majority with us;

And of the army's general sentiment
 He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
 Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments. 320
 Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
 Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
 To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
 Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
 This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here. 325

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
 Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Octavio. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
 Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

Max. Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not. 330
 These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
 But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
 For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
 Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
 Wonderful, still inexplicable courses! 335
 Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
 These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
 The edges of this black and stormy cloud
 Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
 The Unapproachable glide out in splendour. 340

Octavio. I will await it.

SCENE II

OCTAVIO and MAX as before. To them the Valet of the
 Chamber.

Octavio. How now, then?

Valet. A dispatch is at the door.

Octavio. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

Valet. That he refused to tell me.

Octavio. Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[*Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.*]

Octavio. Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas? 5
 Give me your letters.

Cornet. The Lieutenant-General
 Trusted it not to letters.

Octavio. And what is it?

Cornet. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

322 Hath] Had 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 330 Max (with enthusiasm).
 1800, 1828, 1829. After 330 [Moderates his voice and manner. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Octavio. My son knows all.

Cornet. We have him.

Octavio. Whom?

Cornet. Sesina,

The old negotiator.

Octavio. And you have him? 10

Cornet. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.

Octavio. And the dispatches—

Cornet. The Lieutenant-General 15
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

Octavio. This is, indeed, a tidings!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

Cornet. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms. 20

Octavio. None in the Duke's own hand?

Cornet. Not that I know.

Octavio. And old Sesina?

Cornet. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession. 25

Octavio. Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

Cornet. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frauenberg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men; 30
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

Octavio. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

Cornet. I wait your orders.

Octavio. Remain till evening.

[*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*]

Octavio. No one saw you—ha? 35

Cornet. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

Octavio. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening

I shall dispatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn. [*Exit Cornet.*]

SCENE III

OCTAVIO and MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Octavio. Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

Max. I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

Octavio. Where now?—Remain here.

Max. To the Duke.

Octavio. What——

Max. If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——

Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.

My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:

Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—

As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience

With such low pleas as these:—‘I ask’d him not—

He did it all at his own hazard—and

My mouth has never lied to him.’—No, no!

What a friend takes me for, that I must be.

—I’ll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended

Will I demand of him that he do save

His good name from the world, and with one stride

Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.

He can, he will!—I still am his believer.

Yet I’ll not pledge myself, but that those letters

May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.

How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—

What may not he himself too have permitted

Himself to do, to snare the enemy,

The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save

His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!

And face to face will I go question him.

Before 3 Max (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved). 1800, 1828, 1829.
Before 6 Octavio (alarmed). 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 7 Max (returning). 1800, 1828, 1829.
14 ask’d] ask 1800, 1828, 1829. 16 mouth 1800, 1828, 1829.
22 I 1800, 1828, 1829.

Octavio. Thou wilt?

Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.

Octavio. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.

I calculated on a prudent son,
 Who would have blest the hand beneficent
 That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo! 35
 A fascinated being I discover,
 Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
 Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
 Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
 The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor, 40
 Go, give it up free booty:—Force me, drive me
 To an open breach before the time. And now,
 Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
 My secret purpose even to this hour,
 And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes, 45
 Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
 With frantic enterprise, annihilates
 My toilsome labours and state-policy.

Max. Aye—this state-policy! O how I curse it!

You will some time, with your state-policy, 50
 Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
 Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
 Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
 You close up every outlet, hem him in
 Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him— 55
 Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation,
 To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
 That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
 And let it be decided as it may,
 I see with boding heart the near approach 60
 Of an ill-starred unblest catastrophe.
 For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
 Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
 And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
 Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst 65
 Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
 In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
 So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
 All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
 Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me, 70

52 determined 1800, 1828, 1829.
 —ye force 1800, 1828, 1829.

53 make 1800, 1828, 1829.

56 ye,

That I must bear me on in my own way.
 All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
 And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
 Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[*During his exit the curtain drops.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

SCENE—*A Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.*

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

WALLENSTEIN at a black Table, on which a *Speculum Astrologicum* is described with Chalk. SENI is taking Observations through a window.

Wallenstein. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—
 Come,

The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
 We must give o'er the operation. Come,
 We know enough.

Seni. Your Highness must permit me
 Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising: 5
 Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

Wallenstein. She is at present in her perigee,
 And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*]
 Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
 At length the mighty three corradiate; 10
 And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
 And Venus, take between them the malignant
 Silly-malicious Mars, and thus compel
 Into my service that old mischief-founder;
 For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever 15

With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
 Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
 Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
 Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
 Now they have conquered the old enemy, 20
 And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

Seni (who has come down from the window). And in a corner
 house, your Highness—think of that!
 That makes each influence of double strength.

Wallenstein. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
 The soft light with the vehement—so I love it. 25
 Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
 Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
 Maleficious affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
 Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo. 30

Wallenstein. The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
 Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
 Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
 Of the imagination dominates;
 And his are all things that eschew the light. 35
 The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
 For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
 And the dark work, complete of preparation,
 He draws by force into the realm of light.
 Now must we hasten on to action, ere 40
 The scheme, and most auspicious posture
 Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
 For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

[*There are knocks at the door.*]

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

Tertsky (from without). Open, and let me in.

Wallenstein. Aye—'tis Tertsky. 45
 What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

Tertsky (from without). Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
 It suffers no delaying.

Wallenstein. Open, Seni!

[*While SENI opens the doors for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN
 draws the curtain over the figures.*]

Tertsky (enters). Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
 Galas has given him up to the Emperor. 50

[*SENI draws off the black table, and exit.*]

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (to Tertsky). Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

Tertsky. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon, Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—

Wallenstein (drawing back). Nay, not Sesina?—Say; No! I entreat thee. 5

Tertsky. All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent, Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him. There must have been found on him my whole packet To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim: 10 All this is in their hands; they have now an insight Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III

To them enters ILLO.

Illo (to Tertsky). Has he heard it?

Tertsky. He has heard it.

Illo (to Wallenstein). Thinkest thou still

To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press; 5 Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

Tertsky. They have documents against us, and in hands, Which shew beyond all power of contradiction—

Wallenstein. Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee I punish for thy lies.

Illo. And thou believest, 10

That what this man, that what thy sister's husband, Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning? His word must pass for thy word with the Swede, And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

Tertsky. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee, 15 How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth

With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
 If he can save himself by yielding up
 Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible; 20
 And since they now have evidence authentic
 How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
 What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
 Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
 Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

Wallenstein. In the army 25
 Lies my security. The army will not
 Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
 The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
 And substitute I caution for my fealty,
 They must be satisfied, at least appear so. 30

Illo. The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
 'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
 The quiet power of time. From open violence
 The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
 To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite, 35
 Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
 On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
 With wily theft will draw away from thee
 One after the other——

Wallenstein. 'Tis a curséd accident!
Illo. O, I will call it a most blessed one, 40
 If it work on thee as it ought to do,
 Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
 The Swedish General——

Wallenstein. He's arrived! Know'st thou
 What his commission is——

Illo. To thee alone
 Will he entrust the purpose of his coming. 45

Wallenstein. A curséd, curséd accident! Yes, yes,
 Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

Tertsky. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
 His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
 At thy cost, think you he will scruple it? 50
 And if they put him to the torture, will he,
 Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough——

Wallenstein. Their confidence is lost—irreparably!

31 is 1800, 1828, 1829. 52 he 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 53 Wallenstein
 (lost in thought). 1800, 1828, 1829.

And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me—

M. Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion —

Wallenstein. What! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accurs'd he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I must realize it now—

Now, while I have the power, it must take place? 65

Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

Wallenstein (looking at the paper of signatures). I have the
Generals' word—a written promise!

Max Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

Tertsky. It was—he fancied—

Illo. Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you. 70

Wallenstein. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.

'The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—

Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,

And openly resist the Imperial orders.

The first step to revolt's already taken. 75

Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy

To lead them over to the enemy

Than to the Spaniard.

Wallenstein. I will hear, however,

What the Swede has to say to me.

Illo (to Tertsky). Go, call him!

He stands without the door in waiting.

Wallenstein. Stay! 80

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me

All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me ;

'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,

With its dark lordship, and blind agency,

Should force me on with it.

<i>Ill.</i>	First hear him only,	85
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And after weigh it. [Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.

Before 61 Wallenstein (pacing up and down in extreme agitation). 1800, 1828, 1829. 64 I must 1800, 1828, 1829. 65 must 1800, 1828, 1829. 79 No (eagerly to Tertsky). 1800, 1828, 1829.

SCENE IV

Wallenstein. Is it possible?
 Is't so? I can no longer what I would?
 No longer draw back at my liking? I
 Must do the deed, because I thought of it,
 And fed this heart here with a dream? Because 5
 I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
 Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
 Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
 And only kept the road, the access open?
 By the great God of Heaven! it was not 10
 My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
 I but amused myself with thinking of it.
 The free-will tempted me, the power to do
 Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
 To make the fancy minister to hope, 15
 To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
 And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
 Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
 The road of duty close beside me—but
 One little step, and once more I was in it! 20
 Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
 No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
 Impenetrable, insurmountable,
 Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
 And meant not—my own doings tower behind me. 25
 A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
 Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
 The equivocal demeanour of my life
 Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
 And even my purest acts from purest motives 30
 Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
 Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
 A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
 Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
 Been calm and chary of my utterance. 35
 But being conscious of the innocence
 Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
 I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
 Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.

Before 1 Wallenstein (in soliloquy). 1800, 1828, 1829. 2 can . . . would 1800, 1828, 1829. 4 do . . . thought 1800, 1828, 1829. After 25 [Pauses and remains in deep thought. 1800, 1828, 1829. 39 not 1800, 1828, 1829.

Now every planless measure, chance event, 40
 The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
 And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
 Will they connect, and weave them all together
 Into one web of treason ; all will be plan,
 My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark, 45
 Step tracing step, each step a politic progress ;
 And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
 So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
 I am caught in my own net, and only force,
 Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me. 50
 How else ! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
 Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
 Necessity, self-preservation, orders.
 Stern is the On-look of Necessity,
 Not without shudder many a human hand 55
 Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny.
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
 Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
 Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
 Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs 60
 For ever to those sly malicious powers
 Whom never art of man conciliated.
 What is thy enterprize ? thy aim ? thy object ?
 Hast honestly confessed it to thyself ?
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake, 65
 Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
 Strong in possession, founded in old custom ;
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
 Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength. 70
 That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
 Who full himself of courage kindles courage
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
 The which I fear—a fearful enemy, 75
 Which in the human heart opposes me,
 By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
 Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,

48 dumb 1800. 50 rent 1800. After 50 [Pauses again. 1800, 1828, 1829.
 53 orders 1800, 1828, 1829. 55 many] may 1800, 1828, 1829. 56 Grasps
 Grasp 1800, 1828, 1829. After 62 [Faces in agitation through the chamber, then
 pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Makes known its present being, that is not
 The true, the perilously formidable. 80
 O no! it is the common, the quite common,
 The thing of an eternal yesterday,
 What ever was, and evermore returns,
 Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
 For of the wholly common is man made, 85
 And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
 House furniture, the dear inheritance
 From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
 And what is grey with age becomes religion. 90
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[To the Page, who here enters.

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

*[The Page exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep
 thought on the door.*

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
 Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is 95
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

Wallenstein. Your name is Wrangel?

Wrangel. Gustave Wrangel, General

Of the Sudermanian Blues.

Wallenstein. It was a Wrangel

Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
 And by his brave resistance was the cause
 Of the opposition which that sea-port made. 5

Wrangel. It was the doing of the element
 With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.
 The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
 The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
 One and the same.

Wallenstein *(makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats
 himself)*. And where are your credentials? 10
 Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

Wrangel. There are so many scruples yet to solve——

*Before 1 Wallenstein (after having fixed a searching look on him). 1800, 1828,
 1820. Before 10 Wallenstein (makes the motion, &c. 1800, 1828, 1820.*

Wallenstein (having read the credentials). An able letter!—

Ay—he is a prudent,
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils 15
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

Wrangel. He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius; 20
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.

Wallenstein. Yes, he might say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[Taking his hand.

Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience 25
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since 30
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

Wrangel. Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.

Wallenstein. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite
trust me; 35

And, I confess—the gain does not wholly lie
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that the one too were 40
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

Wrangel. I have here an office merely, no opinion.

Wallenstein. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him. 45
For my security, in self-defence,

I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

Wrangel. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.

What may have impelled

23 might 1800, 1828, 1829. After 23 [Taking his hand affectionately. 1800,
1828, 1829. 36 wholly lie] lie wholly 1828, 1829. 40 the one 1800,
1828, 1829. 41 other 1800, 1828, 1829.

Your princely Highness in this wise to act 50
 Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
 Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
 The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
 With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
 This opportunity, is in our favour, 55
 And all advantages in war are lawful.
 We take what offers without questioning;
 And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wallenstein. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
 Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor, 60
 Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
 That I would instantly go over to them
 With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wrangel. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
 To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus. 65
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
 How some years past, beyond all human faith,
 You called an army forth, like a creation:
 But yet——

Wallenstein. But yet?

Wrangel. But still the Chancellor thinks,
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing 70
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
 Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them——

Wallenstein. What now? Out with it, friend!

Wrangel. To break their oaths.

Wallenstein. And he thinks so?—He judges like a Swede,
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans 75
 Fight for your Bible. You are interested
 About the cause; and with your hearts you follow
 Your banners.—Among you, whoe'er deserts
 To the enemy, hath broken covenant
 With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies. 80

Wrangel. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
 No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

Wallenstein. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
 The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,
 And has good cause to love it—but this army, 85
 That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses
 Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;

61 ms 1800, 1828, 1829. 74 so 1800, 1828, 1829. 77 hearts 1800,
 1828, 1829. 78 you 1800, 1828, 1829. 84 has 1800, 1828, 1829.

This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.

90

Wrangel. But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.

Wallenstein. They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

95

[*He gives him the paper containing the written oath.*

WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it,
lays it on the table, remaining silent.

So then?

Now comprehend you?

Wrangel. Comprehend who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here 100
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders I give out, immediately
We're compromised.

Wallenstein. What asks the Chancellor?

Wrangel. Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warrant—*and all might prove at last* 106
Only false play—

Wallenstein (starting). Sir Swede!

Wrangel. Am therefore forced
T'insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland. 110

Wallenstein. Come, brief and open! What is the demand?

Wrangel. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

Wallenstein. That is much indeed! 115
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—'Twon't do.
I give you every security

96 must] may 1800, 1823, 1829. 103 I 1800, 1823, 1829. out] you 1828,
1829. Before 105 *Wrangel (considerately)*. 1800, 1823, 1829. 107 *Wrangel*
(calmly proceeding). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

Wrangel. We doubt it not. 120

But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

Wallenstein. 'Tis but reasonable.

Wrangel. And till we are indemnified, so long 125
Stays Prague in pledge.

Wallenstein. Then trust you us so little?

Wrangel (rising). The Swede, if he would treat well with
the German,

Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd 130
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.

But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire, 135
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.

No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.¹ 140

No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens
Will we remain upon the soil, the which 145
Our Monarch conquered for himself, and died.

Wallenstein. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

Wrangel. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then? 150
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on

¹ A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

Secret negotiations with the Saxons.

Who is our warranty, that we are not

The sacrifices in those articles 155

Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

Wallenstein (rises). Think you of something better,
Gustave Wrangel!

Of Prague no more.

Wrangel. Here my commission ends.

Wallenstein. Surrender up to you my capital!

Far liever would I face about, and step 160

Back to my Emperor.

Wrangel. If time yet permits——

Wallenstein. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

Wrangel. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.
My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you 165

At present do mean honourably by us.

Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now

This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.

Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor 170

Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace

He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,

But Egra above all must open to us,

Ere we can think of any junction.

Wallenstein. You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me? 175

I will consider of your proposition.

Wrangel. I must entreat, that your consideration

Occupy not too long a time. Already

Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!

Crept on into the second year. If nothing 180

Is settled this time, will the Chancellor

Consider it as broken off for ever.

Wallenstein. Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be thought of.

Wrangel. Ay! but think of this too,

That sudden action only can procure it 185

Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[*Exit WRANGEL.*]

154 we 1800, 1828, 1829. 164 Sesina is] Sesina's been 1800, 1828, 1829.
After 164 [*Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.* 1800, 1828, 1829. 167 yesterday
1800, 1828, 1829. 184 thought 1800, 1828, 1829.

SCENE VI

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

Illo. Is't all right?

Tertsky. Are you compromised?

Illo. This Swede

Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

Wallenstein. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

Tertsky. How? What is that?

Wallenstein. Come on me what will come, 5
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!

Tertsky. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?

Wallenstein. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.

Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant? 10
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Wallenstein. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

Countess. I am come to bid you joy.

Wallenstein. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.

Countess. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

Wallenstein. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you. 5
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

Countess. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

Wallenstein. They have one, 10
In consequence, no doubt.

Countess. Ha! what new scruple?

Tertsky. The Duke will not.

Countess. He will not what he must!

Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.

Countess. How? then, when all 15

10 *Wallenstein* (*sarcastically*). 1800, 1828, 1829. 11 *Countess* (*to the others*).
1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene VII. 12 *will not . . . must* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
 Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
 Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
 Now that the dream is being realized,
 The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained, 20
 Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
 Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
 Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
 And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
 For all event is God's arbitrement. 25

Servant (enters). The Colonel Piccolomini.

Countess. —Must wait.

Wallenstein. I cannot see him now. Another time.

Servant. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
 Of the most urgent nature is his business.

Wallenstein. Who knows what he may bring us? I will
 hear him. 30

Countess. Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.

Wallenstein. What is it?

Countess. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
 First let the Swede and thee be compromised. [*Exit Servant.*]

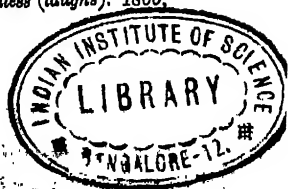
Wallenstein. If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
 Way of escape were possible—I still 35
 Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

Countess. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
 Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
 Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
 All thy past life; determine to commence 40
 A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
 As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
 Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
 Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
 Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty; 45
 Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

Illo. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
 He would but bear his own head to the block.

Countess. I fear not that. They have not evidence 50
 To attain him legally, and they avoid
 The avowal of an arbitrary power.
 They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
 I see how all will end. The King of Hungary

26 *Countess (hastily).* 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 31 *Countess (laughs).* 1800,
 1828, 1829.



Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
 Be understood, that then the Duke retires. 55
 There will not want a formal declaration.
 The young King will administer the oath
 To the whole army ; and so all returns
 To the old position. On some morrow morning
 The Duke departs ; and now 'tis stir and bustle 60
 Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
 Superintend his horses' pedigrees ;
 Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
 And introduceth strictest ceremony
 In fine proportions, and nice etiquette ; 65
 Keeps open table with high cheer ; in brief,
 Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
 And while he prudently demeans himself,
 And gives himself no actual importance,
 He will be let appear whate'er he likes ; 70
 And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
 A mighty Prince to his last dying hour ?
 Well now, what then ? Duke Friedland is as others,
 A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
 To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd, 75
 An over-night creation of court-favour,
 Which with an undistinguishable ease
 Makes Baron or makes Prince.

Wallenstein. Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Countess. Art thou in earnest ? I entreat thee ! Canst thou
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave, 81
 So ignominiously to be dried up ?
 Thy life, that arrogated such a height
 To end in such a nothing ! To be nothing,
 When one was always nothing, is an evil 85
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
 But to become a nothing, having been —

Wallenstein (starts up). Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd,

Ye Powers of Aidance ! Shew me such a way
 As I am capable of going.—I 90
 Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;
 I cannot warm by thinking ; cannot say

78 *Wallenstein (in extreme agitation).* 1800, 1828, 1829. Before 88 *Wallenstein (starts up in violent agitation).* 1800, 1828, 1829. 90 As I 1800, 1828, 1829.

To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously: 'Go! I need thee not.'
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after-ages¹ speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accurséd deed!

Countess. What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorr'd accurséd poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That were against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.²
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! Duke!
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

Wallenstein. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:

¹ Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word
'after-world' for *posterity*, 'Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Nahmen'
might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:

'Let world and after-world speak out my name,' &c.

1800, 1828, 1829.

² I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with
a literal translation of this line:

'werth
Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.'

1800, 1828, 1829.

110 were 1800, 1828, 1829.

118 Duke 1800, 1828, 1829.